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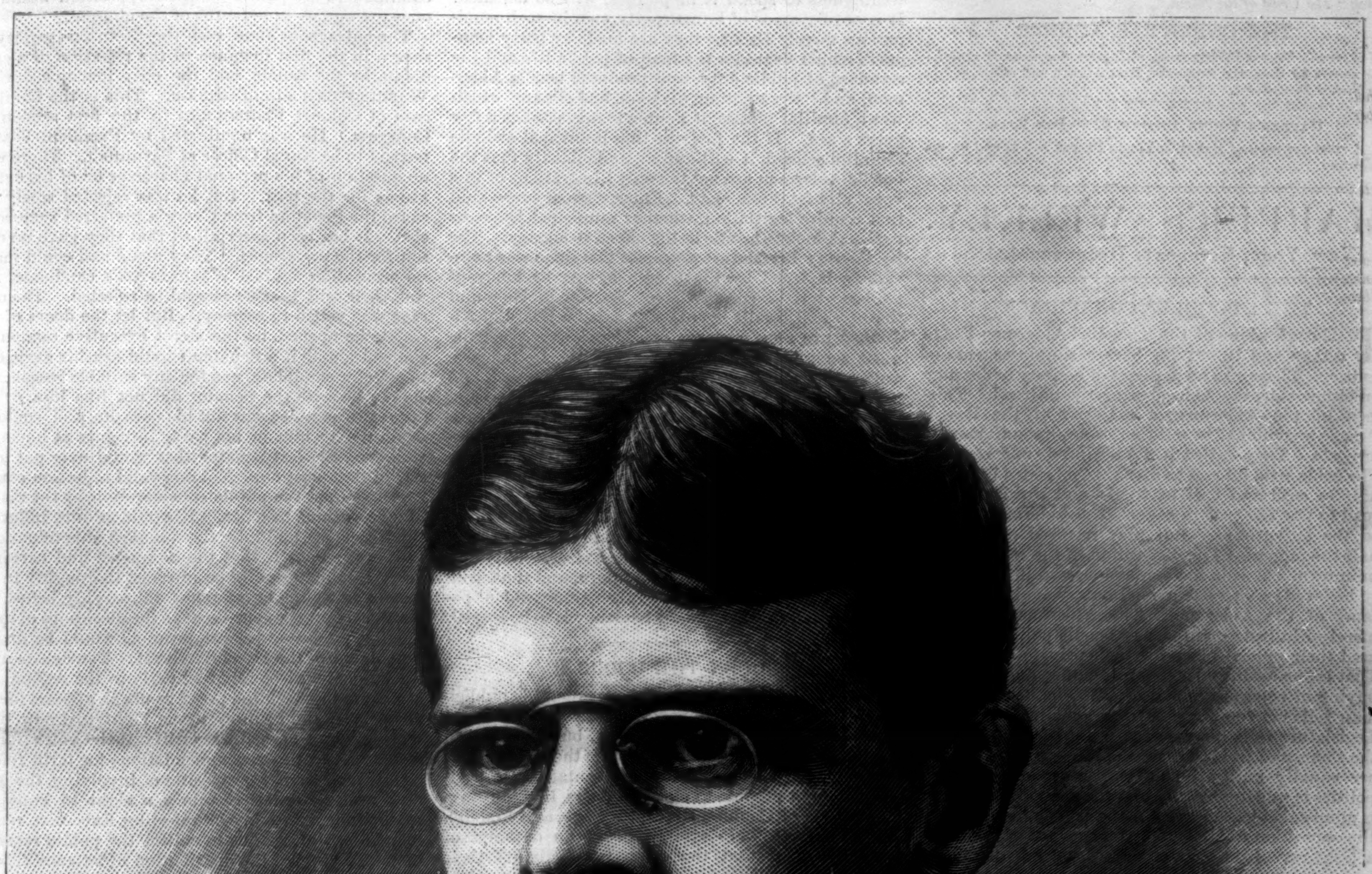

EDWIN A. ABBEY.—Drawn by Napoleon Sarony.—[See Article by Henry James, Page 786.]

"It is but faint praise to say that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE grows better and better. The standard of excellence rises so steadily that one can hardly see what the publishers and editors are to do next."—*Examiner, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number published November 30 is the second of a series of holiday numbers, which were inaugurated by the Thanksgiving number published last week.

The present issue contains a Christmas story entitled

"DOROTHY'S FOLKS; OR, WHO TOOK THE GOLD PIECE?"

It is by MARGARET EYTINGE, *and is illustrated by* SMEDLEY.

A long instalment of "The Flamingo Feather," and a fairy tale by HOWARD PYLE, *complete the fiction in this number.*

A spirited drawing of a Foot-ball Match is accompanied by a descriptive article by FREDERICK EVANS, JUN. MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *pursues her series of articles on geology, her subject this time being "The Crust of the Earth."*

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE (*with eight-page Supplement*), *containing stories by* HOWELLS, STOCKTON, MISS ALCOTT, *and others, will be published December 7.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

THE "BOODLE" CONSPIRACY.

THE confessions of the "boodle" Aldermen FULLGRAFF and DUFFY lay bare a simple scheme of bribery. There was no pretence of honesty or decency on either side, the Aldermen or the railroad. Thirteen of the Aldermen, a majority of the Board, "made a combine" to sell their votes upon important projects. They called it a "business" undertaking. The cable road offered to give the Aldermen $700,000, half in cash and half in bonds, and the Broadway road to pay $500,000 in cash. The Aldermen accepted the latter offer. But they received only about half the money. The disposition of the rest is as yet unknown. This is the confession, and it is generally believed. There is a loud outcry against the infamy of the Aldermen. The Aldermen, however, merely illustrate one form of boodle politics. They used their official place for their private advantage. That is one form, and a very mean one; another is the buying of votes at the polls. But whether an Alderman sells his vote for a railroad, or a member of the Legislature sells his vote for Senator, the offence is the same, and in both cases the briber and the bribed are equally guilty. This boodle tendency in our politics is undeniable and alarming, and its influence is unmistakable. A great many people thought that the opposition to MR. BLAINE on account of the transactions revealed by his letters was very hypercritical and unreasonable. That they thought so was due to the feeling which made thirteen New York Aldermen willing to sell their votes to a railroad company. It was the feeling that all's fair in politics, and that voters must not be too squeamish, but plump straight for the regular nomination. Mr. EDMUNDS, in a letter recently published, alluding to his course in 1884, says, "I could not under any circumstances or temptation say that I believed something about a candidate that I did not believe." There were a great many Republicans who not only would not say it in a speech, but they would not say it by a vote.

There are plenty of signs of the boodle tendency of politics. The Broadway Railroad swindle is one of the bald and vulgar illustrations of it. That swindle involves certain Aldermen. But New York Aldermen have been long a name of contempt, notwithstanding the occasional presence in the Board of upright and excellent citizens. The notorious circumstances of the election of Senator PAYNE in Ohio; the nominations for the Governorship of several States at the late election; the exposure by Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON in New York of the fact of money being given by Mr. RICE, a candidate for Congress, to a well-known political agent, who says he supposes it to have been given to him to buy votes; the case of another candidate for Congress in New York who was understood to have been beaten on the Friday before election, "when his friends, as it was the only way, went in and bought up votes right and left, and so pulled him through"—all these are illustrations of boodle politics, and of the most startling public demoralization. Nothing could be more plainly fatal to republican and popular government. Yet how ingrained it is is shown by the fact that when it is proposed to baffle the power of boodle by defeating boodle candidates, the proposal is greeted as supercelestial, and Pharisaic, and holier-than-thou, and mean, and sneaking, and milksoppy, as if the only upright, manly, and honorable politics were to buy delegates and nominations and votes, and trade on official place, and get in upon the ground-floor, and use your opportunities without blubbering. The worst spectacle of the whole is that of public men who are perfectly honorable, but who, to secure the election of boodle candidates nominated by their party, gravely declare them to be no worse than other men, and who insist that parties are necessary, but that they are impossible if every man is to judge the character of candidates for himself. This is what Republican leaders, themselves above suspicion of dishonor, did in 1884, and so demonstrated the nature and the extent of the demoralization, and the vital necessity of defeating the candidacy which they advocated.

In Colorado the Independent Republicans at the late election won a decisive and significant victory by defeating their own boodle candidate. That is the true course. The only way of dealing with the tendency lies first in fostering independence in political action, and proving to political managers that candidates, however respectable, who are nominated solely because they have plenty of money, and the willingness to spend it in politics, will be defeated. It is acquiescence of honest party men in such nominations merely because they are made by party managers which degrades the tone of public life and the standard of public duty, and produces boodle Aldermen, and "the addition, division, and silence" which was a familiar phrase of Pennsylvania politics a few years since. If the facts in this municipal swindle are all disclosed, it will appear undoubtedly that the boodle Aldermen are not the only illustrations of this venal and fatal tendency. Enterprises of every kind that require legislation, whether municipal, State, or national, look to boodle as the effective agency. The New Jersey Legislature a year or two since was notoriously besieged by the boodle agents or lobby of two great rival corporations. So it will be found that the real boodle agents who assail a Board of Aldermen are men who are considered irreproachable until such transactions are revealed. In the presence of the open fact of buying municipal boards and State Legislatures it is evident that laws are ceasing to represent the public will, and are coming to register the purpose of private greed. As that result becomes more evident, it also becomes mere mockery to tell a man that if he has a grievance, he has also a vote, and must seek redress through the law. When the law represents boodle, and not the honest will of honest men, it will deservedly cease to be respected or respectable. The boycott is bad, but boodle is worse, for it is poison in the fountain, and the beginning of the end. Meanwhile it is by independent political action that this boodle tendency is to be stayed.

OPEN THE DOORS.

THE spirit of a free popular government is publicity. Secrecy, star-chambers, and darkness are not only foreign to such a government, but the effort to conceal is suspicious, and challenges the most careful scrutiny. If the House of Representatives in Congress should propose to close its doors, like the English House of Commons a century ago, and to deliberate in secret, there would be such an outburst of public censure that the doors would fly off their hinges in haste to open. The Senate, however, does exclude the press and the public from a part, and a most important part, of its proceedings. But if the country has a right to know what is said and done in the Senate, it has a right to know all; and if the Senate may at its pleasure conceal part of its transactions, it may conceal all. At the beginning of the constitutional government this was its pleasure, and it was not until the 20th of February, 1794, that it resolved that the gallery which had been placed in the Chamber should be "opened every morning, subject to the restrictions in said resolution mentioned." The restriction of secrecy has been maintained in the case of deliberations upon foreign treaties and upon nominations to office. This last secrecy, however, has now come to be regarded as a gross public grievance, and in the last session of Congress Senator PLATT, of Connecticut, introduced a resolution providing for making public the action of the Senate upon nominations to office. The committee reported against the resolution, but without reasons. There was little debate, but it was clear that the Senate, which tried desperately to deprive the President of his discretion in regard to secrecy, was resolved to maintain its own.

That is a resolution which the American press, in the interest of good government and of honest politics, ought to break. The press, as the organ of the publicity which the general welfare requires, should insist that the anomaly and evil of secret executive sessions shall end. They are the source of immense political corruption, and of the most unfit appointments to office, and the silence of Senators over the proposition of Senator PLATT, with the absence of argument in the report, shows the Senatorial consciousness that no sound and legitimate reason for the abuse can be urged, and the fear lest debate should reveal that fact to the country, which has quietly acquiesced in the tradition of secrecy. Elections to innumerable offices in the country are constantly attended by the most searching public discussion. For four or five months candidates for the Presidency are exposed to the most pitiless publicity in regard to every incident of their private and official lives, and every man who reaches the chair of the Chief Magistracy has gained it through a fiery storm of lies and misrepresentations of every degree. It is sheer folly to insist that the persons named by him for small places in the executive administration shall be protected from the public discussion to which, in accordance with the conditions of free speech, he has been himself openly exposed. Such persons would be, in fact, protected by the circumstances of Senatorial action, if such action were public, for no accusation against them could be properly entertained except upon a distinct personal responsibility. The reckless fury of party spirit may assail anonymously a candidate for the Presidency, but a person nominated to the Senate as a postmaster or collector could be opposed only by known accusers. The present Senatorial secrecy, however, invites such accusers to gratify their enmity without fear of publicity. But the consciousness that they must make themselves accountable to the public for their opposition would at once extinguish nine-tenths of the charges.

The outrageous abuse resulting from this secrecy is shown in the first instance of the rejection of a candidate by the Senate, and the only instance during WASHINGTON'S administration. This is the familiar case of Colonel FISHBOURNE in the first session of Congress. He was nominated by President WASHINGTON to be Naval Officer at Savannah. There was no question of his personal character or of his entire fitness for the post. But he was rejected solely because the Senators from Georgia preferred somebody else. It has been ascertained that they gave no reason for the preference. They made and could make no accusation against WASHINGTON'S candidate. It was their will that he should be rejected. The outrage was veiled in secrecy. But let the doors of the Senate be opened, let the secret executive session be abolished, and if a Senator should ask his associates to reject a candidate, not for any suitable reason, but simply because the Senator did not like him, or because the nominee was not his parasite, and would be of no use to him in his party intrigues at home, he would be the last Senator that would ever put himself in that position. Not one valid objection can be urged against the public consideration by the Senate of nominations to office. It would at once influence the Executive, and raise the standard of nominations. If it were known that the character and career of every candidate would be searched thoroughly in the Senate, it would be searched thoroughly before the nomination was made, because the disclosure of unfitness on public or private grounds would be an impeachment of the Executive itself. The debate upon the subject will be renewed early in the session. It is a cause in which the press, as usual, appears for the people. If the country has a right to know upon what grounds Senators justify their votes for or against Executive recommendations for tariff reform or other financial propositions involving the general welfare, it has certainly a right to know the reasons for approving or rejecting Executive recommendations of persons to collect the public revenue, or to superintend the distribution of letters. The secrecy of executive sessions for such purposes was tentative, and it has been proved to be prejudicial to the public welfare. It ought to be abolished.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

MR. ADAMS was the last of the old-fashioned statesmen. He was a true ADAMS, and had in full measure the qualities which have made that family the most distinguished in the country. No other family line has furnished such men to each successive generation of our history: JOHN and his cousin SAMUEL in the Revolutionary period, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in the earlier and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS in the later constitutional epoch, not to mention sons in whom the distinctive qualities of the family survive.

Reserved, cold, undemonstrative, of unbending integrity, and of an independence which spurned the sophistry of party spirit, Mr. ADAMS was, like his father and grandfather, naturally a public man, thoroughly trained, of indomitable convictions, and of the most resolute courage. They were all men of the Puritan temper; Ironsides; leaders of political thought, but not of parties; pursuing through and out of parties the course upon which the fixed north-star of principle shone. JOHN ADAMS broke up the Federal party; JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was denounced as a Jeffersonian "rat"; CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS left the Republicans, and accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. Yet the man would be laughed at who should assert that it was the volatility of personal and political ambition which governed their party conduct, or that it was anything else than honest conviction of patriotic duty. Mr. ADAMS was one of the earliest and ablest of the Conscience Whigs in New England, and his weight of character, his sound judgment, his calm temperament, and his moderation and clearness and decisiveness of speech, made him one of the chief members of that important body. Whether his judgment in itself faltered, or whether he yielded to the fascination of Mr. SEWARD, it is not easy to say, but his insight and foresight failed in the crisis of the impending war, and he supported the amendment forbidding interference with slavery in the Slave States, and admitting New Mexico with or without slavery. But

more than any other man he prevented the prolongation and doubtful issue of the war by his conduct as American Minister in England, which averted foreign interference—a course to which his personal qualities lent great force. It was a prodigious service to his country, which history will not forget.

Nothing was more characteristic than Mr. ADAMS's refusal to be a candidate for the Presidency in the Liberal Convention which nominated Mr. GREELEY in 1872, or than his arraignment of the Democratic party in his eulogy of Mr. SEWARD before the Legislature of New York in 1873. In that eulogy occurs the passage which in these "boodle" days every member of that Legislature and every good citizen may well ponder. "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. SEWARD on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence." The example of such political integrity and independence as those of Mr. ADAMS, united with such ability and equipment for public life, should be carefully cherished, for it is in them that our hope lies. The service of such a life is not to be measured by its visible and definite achievements only, but by its moral influence and inspiration. Institutions which develop such citizens also require them. Mr. ADAMS takes his place with his fathers among those who made the republic possible, and who stimulate their children, by following them, to make it permanent.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

GOLDSMITH'S comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, illustrated by ABBEY, with an introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON, and published by the HARPERS, is a model gift-book. It is a union of choice and permanent literature, of exquisite and characteristic art, and of the highest typographical skill. It is in itself, and in the pleasantest way, a revival of the old comedy, and a revival so vivid and picturesque that the effect is that of the best histrionic genius. To turn these pages is to witness the most satisfactory acting of the play. The time, the spirit of the age, the costumes, the character, the very scene and movement, are all reproduced, and the thoughtful actor could gather a completer comprehension of the play and a hundred subtle suggestions from this portrayal of a kindred art.

The mere reading of a play cannot reveal the intent of the dramatist. He writes for an audience, for a spectator. The spectacle, the dress, the circumstance, and the quaint drollery of actual, visible combination are essential to the effect that he contemplates, and all this the alert pencil can reproduce, and in this instance has reproduced so happily that the result remains as the permanent impression of the comedy. It does not break with the traditions of the stage. It is not a bold and aggressive remodelling of all the received conceptions of the play. But it touches every point of the received and the just tradition with such lightness and grace and refinement that the play lives in every part.

It is not the least of the pathetic facts in connection with the career of GOLDSMITH—an author who belongs to that class of writers who are personally beloved by the readers of every age—that after a hundred years one of the works of the poor neglected poet and man of letters, who died early, after a sorrowful life, and in the utmost poverty, should be issued in another country than his own, with the most copious and felicitous illustration, with a preface by a poet of singular sympathy with his own genius, as a sumptuous gift for the holidays and a beautiful addition to the charms of the family fireside. Surely GOLDSMITH would feel himself no longer "remote, unfriended, solitary," could he see what a brilliant and welcome guest he will be this year to the happy Christmas circle.

MR. CHILDS AND PUBLIC OFFICE.

IT is one of the good signs of the times that the commonsense of the public tends more and more to take municipal elections out of politics. The instinct of the community turns to some citizen well known and highly respected, not as a party politician, but as an upright, intelligent, energetic man, who will be superior to jobs and political and personal intrigues, and conduct the business of the city upon sound business principles.

This was the significance of the late general suggestion of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS as the fittest candidate for the Mayoralty in Philadelphia. His hold upon the confidence of his fellow-citizens would have unquestionably secured his election, and his character and career were the earnest of the integrity and efficiency of his administration. The suggestion became so urgent that Mr. CHILDS was obliged to take notice of it, and a few plain words in the *Ledger* stated his purpose not to accept any official position, because of his conviction that he could be more serviceable to the public out of office than in it.

This announcement has been accepted as decisive. It is a subject upon which Mr. CHILDS's own judgment may be taken as best, but the incident has been a gratifying illustration of the general regard of his fellow-citizens.

A BILL TO PASS.

THE session of Congress will be short, but there is one thing that Congress ought to do. It ought to pass the Electoral Count Bill. The necessity, and the urgent necessity, of the bill are undeniable. It has twice passed the Senate unanimously, and the responsibility for its defeat by delay rests with the Democratic House. Last year the Presidential Succession Bill was passed by both Houses, and has happily become a law. It was an excellent bill, and one of the most useful pieces of legislation of the session.

The hopeless muddle of the rules of procedure, and the tendency to turn Congress into a mere debating club, greatly perplex the public business. The argument for the complicated rules, that they are serviceable in preventing legislative action which would be probably unwise, is a good argument against any Congress, but it is not valid unless under a confession that our system has failed. For if such rules prevent bad legislation, they no less prevent good legislation.

The long delay in settling the question of the electoral count impeaches both Congressional ability and good sense. But more distinctively it accuses Democratic capacity for good government. Not even a plausible excuse has been given for the delay. The bill passed by the Senate is a perfectly equitable adjustment of the question. It proceeds upon the constitutional theory of the Presidential election, it is in no sense partisan, and no measure would be received by the country with more satisfaction.

BLIND LEADERS.

IN an interview reported in the Chicago *Tribune*, Speaker CARLISLE says that "in the matter of offices, if they could not find Democrats competent enough to fill them, then the Democratic party had better retire from power." The Speaker evidently forgets that the Democratic party is in power solely because it nominated a candidate for the Presidency who did not hold the Speaker's view, and who in his official acts and in various public papers had declared against the spoils doctrine pure and simple as laid down by the Speaker.

Mr. McDONALD, of Indiana, also, in his speech at "the Iroquois banquet" in Chicago, made a plea for the political activity of office-holders which is equally inconsistent with the President's circular, although in the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON the President apparently acknowledges the force of Mr. McDONALD's argument. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, with the instinctive sympathy and admiration of one spoilsman for another, praises Mr. BLAINE for the "transparent and ever-present courage of his nature," as contrasted with Pharisceism and milksoppery and sneaks, by which terms it describes reform and reformers, and by implication hits the Democratic President.

It would seem to be time for these doughty Democratic managers to consider whether a fierce quarrel in their party over the President's reform course, the hope of defeating his renomination, and the consequent alienation of the vote that elected him before, and the large defection from any Democratic candidate of the labor vote, offer a cheerful prospect of Democratic success in 1888. Just in the degree that such Bourbons as we have quoted influence the action of the President and the course of their party, they secure Democratic defeat. Nothing, indeed, more clearly explains and justifies distrust of the Democratic party than the inability of most of its leading politicians to understand and to make their followers understand that, in the present situation of the country, President CLEVELAND and his general policy are the chief hope of his party.

ERASTUS BROOKS.

MR. BROOKS died at his residence upon Staten Island on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and his loss will be deeply felt in the community in which he lived. He was a man of great public spirit, devoting his time and energies, his experience and intelligence, to the faithful performance of many trusts. But he was also singularly domestic, and in every family relation he was most devoted and most tenderly beloved.

His name has been long known in the public history of the State, as a Whig editor and correspondent, as a leader of the American movement, and its candidate for Governor in 1856; then, upon the dissolution of the Whig party, he went with the Whigs who in the change of the situation were identified with the Democratic party. For many years he was the active editor of the *Express*, and in later years he served several terms in the Legislature, where his extensive acquaintance with public questions and his great readiness and force in debate made him the leader of the Assembly. He was a man of strong nature and convictions, and a vigorous partisan. But his very virtues interfered with his merely political advancement. His uprightness, truthfulness, and scorn of intrigue held him aloof from the bargains and venalities of politics. But they also separated him from the schemers and politicians who make nominations to suit their own interests rather than the general welfare, and less honorable and able men received the prizes of his party.

Mr. BROOKS could always be trusted to befriend charitable and humane causes at whatever cost to his party standing, while his temperament bound him fast to the party that he had chosen. He was a faithful and efficient member of various public boards, and in the most constant and efficient and modest way he continued to serve the public to the end of his life. Upon Staten Island he was universally known and greatly respected. His death will be sincerely deplored, and his epitaph written upon the hearts of his neighbors and friends will be, in the truest and most comprehensive sense, the words so significant in a republic—a good citizen.

PERSONAL.

IN appointing Mr. F. EDWIN ELWELL Professor of Sculpture, the Academy of Design hopes that its action will be appreciated. Two years ago Mr. J. Q. A. WARD received a similar honor, but his duties were scarcely more than nominal, owing to the lack of pupils. Mr. ELWELL studied at the École des Beaux Arts, and under several successful French sculptors, and enjoys the respect of the Society of American Artists. Several young women have already joined his class.

—The date for the regular fortnightly meeting of the Authors' Club fell last week on Thanksgiving night, but the authors met all the same.

—The young novelist H. RIDER HAGGARD, who made his reputation by *King Solomon's Mines*, and who is extending it by the novel of "She," now publishing in these pages, is a lawyer of thirty, and at the age of nineteen was Sir H. BULWER's secretary at Natal, and at the age of twenty-one Master of the High Court of the Transvaal. His entrance into literature was made four years ago, by a history of CETYWAYO's times.

—Mr. THEOPHILUS P. CHANDLER, Jun., of Philadelphia, takes every opportunity to denounce the erection of wooden villas, and claims that if we want any history we must have stone houses. He has illustrated his architectural faith by building the solid country residences of Messrs. E. H. BENSON, SAMUEL B. BROWN, WILLIAM SIMPSON, Jun., and other Philadelphians.

—Mr. E. A. MUYBRIDGE has spent about $15,000 in making a collection of instantaneous photographic studies of men, women, and other animals in motion. The results are surprising to those whose knowledge of the subject has been obtained by the naked eye alone.

—JULES BRETON's new Salon picture of women-harvesters lunching in the field is now etching by LE COUTEUX, who has had successful experience with MILLET's works also. JULES BRETON himself will etch the *remarque*.

—Mr. THOMAS NAST during his recent trip to the West received the compliment of a serenade from the band of the Twenty-second United States Infantry, stationed at Fort Lewis, Colorado. The Denver *News* reports a conversation with Mr. NAST, in which he related a reminiscence of LINCOLN's inauguration, which he had been detailed to attend on behalf of HARPER'S WEEKLY. On the night of the inauguration there was a very bitter feeling among the Southern residents of Washington, which threatened to find expression in violent acts. While every one was anxiously waiting and fearing the event, a man stepped out upon the balcony of the Ebbitt House, and began to sing "The Star-spangled Banner." A crowd gathered, and soon the chorus was swelled by a thousand voices. The strain was relieved, and, added Mr. NAST, "Washington was itself again. 'The Star-spangled Banner' saved it."

—Not the least attractive feature of the sumptuous edition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, Mr. ABBEY's illustrations to which Mr. HENRY JAMES considers elsewhere in this issue, is the substantial and artistic binding. This was executed from the design of Mr. STANFORD WHITE, the well-known architect.

—Rev. DWIGHT L. MOODY is appealing to friends of Christian education for subscriptions of $100 each to his "Mount Hermon Boys' School" at Northfield, Massachusetts—$100 is the sum charged annually for board and tuition, and is about half the actual cost. The buildings are free from debt, and Mr. MOODY hopes that his appeal may be answered so extensively as to enable him to begin the next term with 300 scholars.

—Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY is congratulated upon having produced in his new play of *Love in Harness*, which is described as an "eccentric comedy," parts exactly fitted to exhibit to the best advantage all the members of his admirable company. It seems to have been established by the visits of Mr. DALY and his actors and actresses to London that there is no English-speaking comedy company that can compete with that of Daly's Theatre.

—We have received a copy of Dr. MCCOSH's annual letter to the alumni of the College of New Jersey in behalf of the *New Princeton Review*. When that periodical was started, he says, "I ventured to ask the alumni of Princeton College to encourage it. Many of them have done so, and their loyalty is appreciated by their *alma mater*, and it is hoped that they will continue to subscribe, and that others will act as they have done."

—The most important new specimen of domestic architecture in Cleveland, Ohio, is Mr. SYLVESTER T. EVERETT's house of brown stone from Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, with sculptured heads in the capitals of the pillars of the porte cochère. The dimensions of the ground-plan are 120 feet by 70, and the style is adapted château. The parlor is a revival of LOUIS Seize decoration, with silver and gold ornament on white mahogany and on plaster, and silk draperies on the walls. The cost was $225,000, and the architect Mr. C. F. SCHWEINFURTH.

—Judge OGDEN HOFFMAN has served continuously on the Federal bench in San Francisco for nearly thirty years. He recently took a vacation trip to Honolulu—a luxury which Eastern judges do not conveniently command.

—A representative Academician explains that the cost of exhibiting important pieces of sculpture at the spring and autumn exhibitions is against the practice. Some years ago the Academy paid $200 to get a colossal statue of COLUMBUS, by Miss STEBBINS (sister of the late HENRY G. STEBBINS), from the ground-floor to the gallery floor, and $50 to get it down again.

—Visitors at Wynnewood, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, notice that the exterior color scheme of Mr. ISAAC H. CLOTHIER's stone villa depends upon the light gray of the granite, the bluish tint of the Wyoming Valley crow-steps, bands, and copings, and the blue slate roof. The granite tower is eighty feet high.

—The faculty of the schools of the Academy of Design consists of Messrs. L. E. WILMARTH, EDGAR M. WARD, F. EDWIN ELWELL, FREDERIC DIELMAN, and J. WELLS CHAMPNEY. It is announced that the Composition Class is "designed to develop the inventive and imaginative faculties."

—JULIAN THOMAS, an Australian journalist, has been making a special study of the "cannibals and convicts" of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, after personal interviews with the dusky sovereigns of those islands, who afforded him rare opportunities for sight-seeing.

—The late General NAGLEE, who owned a vineyard at San José, California, had so much trouble with his white workmen that he finally imported a number of Chinese families. A visitor to his place, if the master was away, found no one who could speak more than a few words of "pidgin English," and the quarter where these Celestials lived looked like a collection of old china, with queer-costumed little Chinese boys and girls playing about the doors.

—Judge HENRY REED, who has just been appointed one of the judges of the Common Pleas Court in Philadelphia, is a descendant of the REED whose conduct in the Revolution has been the subject of hot controversy, a kinsman of Professor REED, whose critical work on English literature was among the earliest, if not the earliest, of American recognitions of WORDSWORTH's true place, and a nephew of WILLIAM B. REED, at one time American Minister to China. This is only one instance of Philadelphia families continuously in the public life of the city for a century.

—In Mr. LATHROP's interesting article on the "Literary Movement in New York," published in the November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the statement that Mr. ANDREW LANG holds a government position is incorrect. The author's assumption was perfectly natural, for if any English writer especially deserves such a recognition, it is Mr. LANG.

—The Rev. Dr. WITHROW, of Boston, who strongly opposes the accused Andover professors, says that he made up his mind about doctrinal points thirty years ago, and never means to change it.

—Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS has adorned the catalogue of the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design with lists of the founders of that institution, and alphabetical tables of dead Academicians and Associates, accompanied by dates of their respective elections and departures. There were no women among the founders, but Miss ANNE HALL figures among the dead Academicians, and Mrs. M. BOGARDUS among the dead Associates. The only living founder is the venerable THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, who signed the original constitution on the 16th of January, 1826. Another signer was the famous electrician Professor S. F. B. MORSE. There is no living woman Academician, but Miss FIDELIA BRIDGES and Mrs. HENRY A. LOOP appear on the roll of Associates.

WILLIAM BLISS BAKER.—[See Opposite Page.]

H. M. HOXIE.

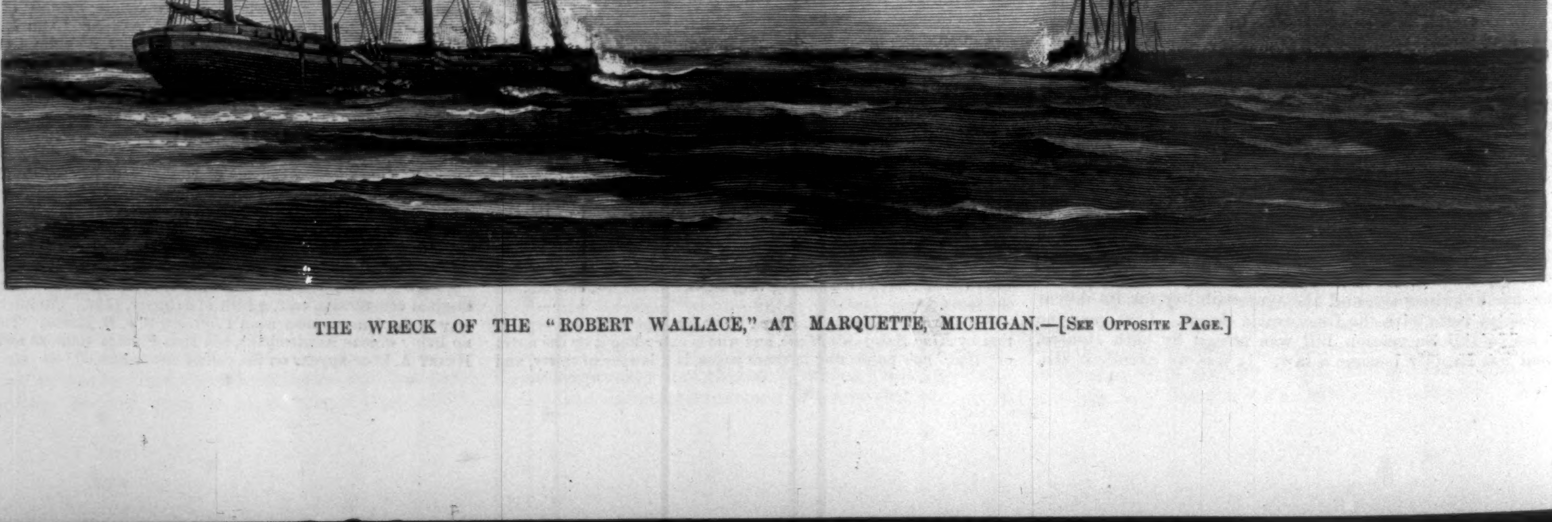
Mr. Herbert Mallory Hoxie, who was one of the most prominent railroad men in the United States, died at his apartments in this city on Tuesday morning of last week. He was the First Vice-President of that extensive combination of railroads which is known as the Missouri Pacific System, and was consequently the right-hand man or lieutenant of Jay Gould. Although for many years well known in the railroad world, it was only last summer, through the determined stand which he took against the Knights of Labor in the great strike in the Southwest, and through his generalship in that campaign, that he obtained what may be called a national reputation as a railroad manager.

Mr. Hoxie was born at Palmyra, New York, in December, 1830. When he was seven years of age his father removed to Des Moines, Iowa, which was then only a small trading station. Young Hoxie was reared amid the hardships of a frontier life, and when the gold fever broke out in California he crossed the plains in search of a short road to fortune. Being unsuccessful as a miner, he returned to Iowa, and became associated with Thomas Mitchell, of Mitchellville, whose niece he subsequently married. During the war he was United States Marshal of Iowa, and it was not until the close of the war that his successful career as a railroad man was begun. His first position of prominence was that of General Agent of the Union Pacific road, then in course of construction. He afterward became General Superintendent, with head-quarters at Omaha. In 1870 he transferred his talents to the Southwest, and was made Superintendent of the International road, of Texas. In 1880 he was appointed General Manager of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, and a year later, when Jay Gould established the Southwestern System, he was advanced to a still higher position. In 1882 he became Third Vice-President and in 1885 First Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific system.

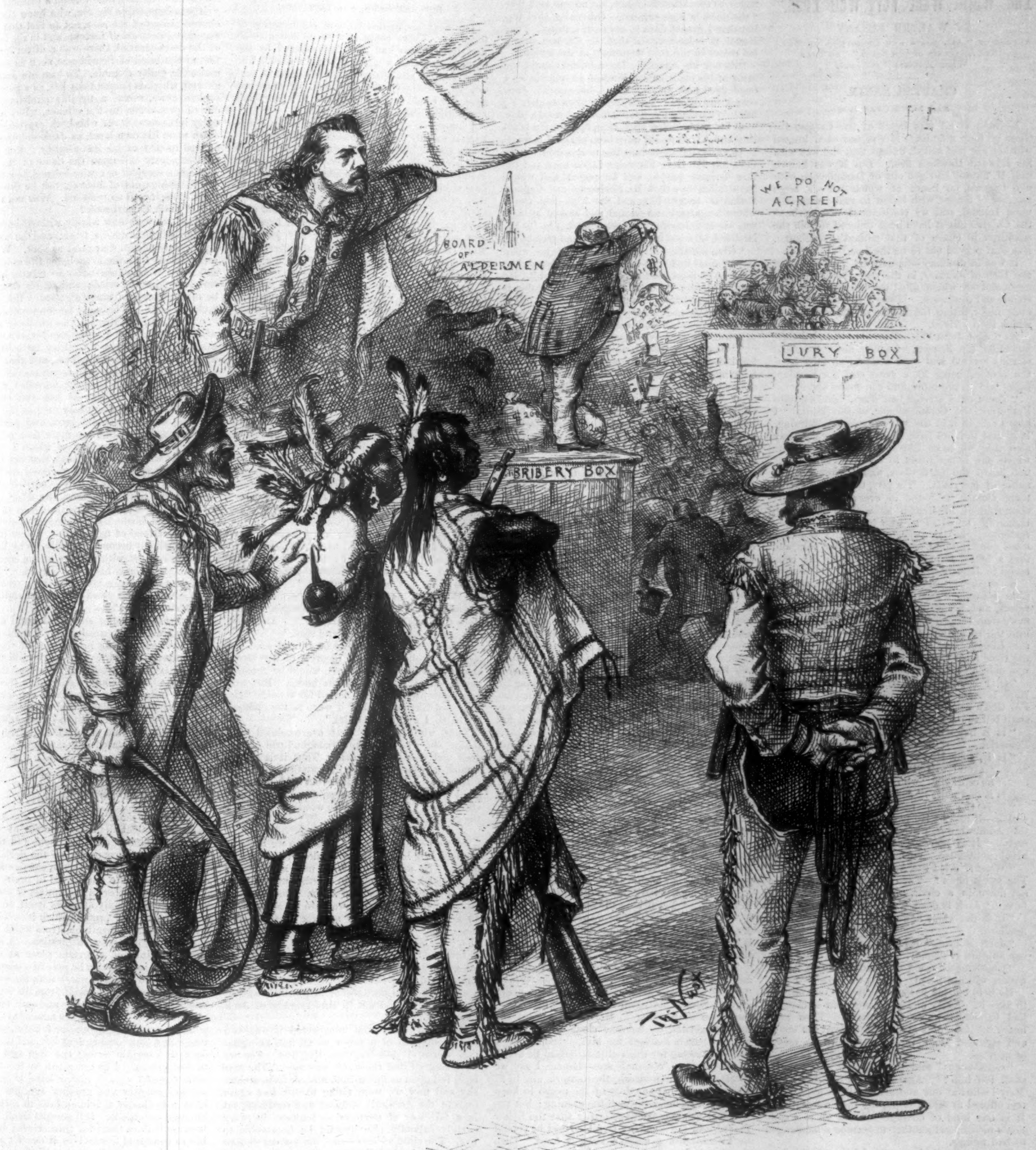
HERBERT M. HOXIE.—Photographed by Kurtz.

ERASTUS BROOKS.—[See Page 783.]

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.—Photographed by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.—[See Page 787.]



THE WRECK OF THE "ROBERT WALLACE," AT MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.—[See Opposite Page.]



WELL MAY THE "WILD WEST" ASK, *IS THIS THE CIVILIZED EAST?*

WILLIAM BLISS BAKER.

The tidings of this young artist's untimely death, at the early age of twenty-seven, will be received with sincere regret by all those who take an intelligent interest in the growth of native American art. All he knew of art he derived from American sources. Born of American parents in the city of New York, he passed his boyhood in the village of Ballston Spa. At the age of seventeen he began his first systematic art studies at the National Academy in New York, in the drawing school of which institution he took the Elliott prize medal in 1879 in a class of many members.

In the spring of 1885 he was a successful competitor for the Hallgarten prize, with "The Woodland Brook"—a picture which justly excited the admiration of the art-loving public, and at once placed him, although not yet twenty-five years old, in the foremost rank of the landscape painters of the day. Among his more important works are, "Morning in the Meadows," and several other pictures belonging to Thomas B. Clarke, Esq.; "Sunrise on New York Harbor," the property of Russell Sage, Esq.; "Fallen Monarchs" (after the rain), owned by Mr. Van Horne, of Montreal; "Solitude" (a wood interior) and "Under the Apple-Trees"—the last two exhibition pictures in the Academy; "Morning after the Snow" (a wood interior), and others.

Young Baker's death was caused by a fall on the ice while skating, which fractured one of the lower vertebræ of the spine. During the earlier months of his long illness he suffered excruciating pain, and to the last was never free from suffering more or less acute. His mind remained absolutely unclouded until within an hour or two of the close, which he awaited with calm and unflinching courage.

THE STORM ON THE LAKES.

The great storm of November 17 and 18 was wide-spread and its features were varied. In the far Northwest and in the Lake region it was a fierce blizzard, and snow fell to a depth of thirteen and a half inches. Sleet and snow were reported as far South as Louisiana. In Pennsylvania and at other points East the storm developed into a tornado. Trees were snapped in two, and buildings were demolished. Along the Atlantic coast the storm was a high gale. Considerable damage was done along the Hudson and in the New England valleys. East of the Alleghanies rain fell instead of snow.

On the Great Lakes the storm was exceptionally violent. The second day after its occurrence thirty vessels and thirty-seven lives were reported as having been lost in it. It was one of the fiercest gales, report says, that ever swept Lake Superior. At Marquette, Michigan, the breakwater was submerged in the heavy sea. The light-house tower upon it was torn from its fastenings and carried away. Three vessels were wrecked near this point—the schooner *Florida* on Marquette beach, and the steam-barge *Robert Wallace* and her consort *David Wallace* on Chocolay Beach, four miles to the east. The *Florida* appeared off the harbor about four o'clock on the afternoon of November 17. She probably could have made her way in had it not been for the blinding veil of snow. As it was, her captain was fearful that she would be dashed to pieces on the breakwater, and he let go both anchors outside. The tug *Gillett* went to her rescue. There was no chance to save the schooner, and Captain Frink and his men, of the tug, only undertook to bring off the *Florida's* crew. Several attempts to get up to the schooner's bow were unsuccessful, but the tug was finally able to back up under the anchored vessel's quarter, when the crew of the *Florida* (seven men in all) were enabled to jump safely aboard, with the exception of the mate, Andrew Peterson, who was crushed between the two vessels as a wave threw them together, and killed.

The crews of the *Robert Wallace* and the *David Wallace* (twenty-four men in all) were rescued by the crew of the life-saving station at Houghton, who were brought, with their boats and apparatus, a distance of one hundred and ten miles on a special train. The barge and her consort went ashore at one o'clock on the morning of November 18, and the rescue was made on the day following, every man on the wrecked vessels being safely brought off. The picture of the *Robert Wallace* and her consort is from a photograph taken during a break in the heavy snow-storm on November 18, while the wrecked crews were still on board.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW BAD NEWS CAME HOME.

Nothing at all was heard of the *Calypso* for three or four months. It was not even known whither she had sailed, except that she was with Sir Edward Hawke's fleet. But it was known that M. Thurot had got out of Dunquerque with five frigates, on board of which were a large number of troops, with intent to make a descent upon Ireland, and we conjectured that perhaps the *Calypso* might have been ordered to join the squadron in chase of that gallant Frenchman. But that proved not to be the case.

It was in January—namely, on the evening of the 15th of January, in the year 1760—that the news arrived which filled the hearts of all with shame and confusion. 'Twas a wild and tempestuous night, fitting the nature of the intelligence which then arrived.

At the Sir John Falstaff some of the company, including Mr. Brinjes, who was never late, had already arrived, and were hanging up their hats, the candles being lit, a great coal fire burning, pipes laid on the table, and the chairs set.

"There hath arrived bad news," said Captain Petherick, the Commissioner of the Yard. "I heard talk of it at the Navy House this morning. It is said that we have lost a frigate. They say also that we have lost her cowardly—a thing which one is not ready to believe. But I have not heard the particulars, and I know not the name of the craft. 'Tis pity, but 'tis true, that there should be found in every war cowardly commanders, in British as well as in French bottoms. Those of us who have memories can remember the last war, gentlemen. Well, we must quickly build or capture another ship, and find a better Captain. We will give the command to Jack Easterbrook."

So saying, he sat down, and began to fill his pipe leisurely. Just as he had finished these words, and before Mr. Brinjes had time to do more than to open his mouth, there came running into the room the landlord, having in his hand the *London Post* of the evening, brought down the river from town by some boatman. His face was pale, and his eyes full of terror.

"Oh! gentlemen," he cried, "gentlemen! Here is such news! I cannot trust my eyes. For God's sake, read the newspaper! But who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it news from the Fleet?" asked Captain Petherick.

"It is, your Honor." The man looked as if he was afraid to tell his news. "Oh! gentlemen," he repeated, "who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it bad news?" asked Mr. Brinjes.

"It is the worst news possible. Gentlemen—it is—it is—" He looked about him to see if the Admiral was, perhaps, present, hitherto unseen. "It is news of—of—of Captain Easterbrook, gentlemen. Of no other, indeed."

"What?" cried the Apothecary; "bad news? The worst news? Then is our boy dead." He sat down in a chair, and looked from face to face. "Jack is dead."

"It is the worst news possible," repeated the landlord.

"Jack is dead," said all together, looking at one another in dismay.

"Gentlemen," cried the landlord again, "your honors will not listen. It is in the *London Post*."

He held out his newspaper, but no one offered to take it. Every one knew now that something had happened worse than death. Then they heard the Admiral's step as he entered the house and stumped along the passage with his escort of negroes.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord again, "who shall tell him?" Again he held out the paper. They looked at one another and held back. No one offered to take the paper; they were afraid. It is one kind of courage to walk up to a cannon's mouth, and another to become a messenger of bad tidings.

Then the Admiral came in, followed by his two negroes. He saluted the company cheerfully, and gave his hat and cloak to his servants. This done, he took his seat in his usual place. But the other gentlemen standing about the fire did not, as was customary, follow his example. They hesitated, looked first at the Admiral, and then at the landlord.

"Gentlemen, be seated," said the Admiral.

"Sir"—it was Mr. Brinjes who spoke—"it appears that bad news hath arrived."

"What news?"

"It is—news of Captain Easterbrook."

"Is the boy—is the boy dead?" asked the Admiral.

"Sir, we cannot but suppose so. For he hath lost his ship. But as yet we have not seen the *Post*."

"No, no," the landlord again interposed, holding out the *Post*, which no one would take. "Gentlemen, stand by me, I beseech you. Sir, the Captain is not dead."

"Then, poor lad," said the Admiral, "he is grievously wounded, and like to die. Our boy, gentlemen, is grievously wounded, and like to—" Here his voice failed him.

"No, sir, he is not wounded."

"Then he is shipwrecked and drowned. Why is the man staring like a stuck pig? Alas! gentlemen, our boy is drowned." But the Admiral looked uncertain, because the company, now understanding that something out of the common had happened, looked at one another and at the landlord, and spoke not.

"Sirs"—the landlord again offered the newspaper to one after the other, but no one took it—"the news is here printed. Otherwise, God forbid that I should dare to say such a thing. Your Honor, it is here stated that the Captain struck his colors in the very beginning of the action."

"Struck his colors!" The Admiral caught the arms of his chair, raised himself as quickly as a one-legged man may. "Struck his colors! Jack struck his colors! Ye lie, ye drunken swab! Ye lie!" With that he delivered him so shrewd a blow with his gold-headed stick that, had not the landlord dodged, he would have been enabled instantly to carry the news into the next world. "Ye lie, I say!" Here his voice failed him, and his face became purple, and he reeled and would have fallen but that Mr. Shelvocke and Captain Petherick caught him and sat him in a chair, where he gasped and panted, and looked as if he was about to have a fit of some kind. As for the landlord, he stood in a corner, pale and trembling.

"Give me the paper," said Mr. Brinjes, when the Admiral had somewhat mastered his passion. "Let us at least read what is here stated." He read it silently. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a strange business. I understand it not. Here is more than meets the eye. It is a thing hard to understand. I will read it aloud. Courage, Admiral, the story is impossible as it stands.

"'Despatches have been received from Sir Edward Hawke. He reports an affair which, unless later intelligence contradict it, is more discreditable to British honor than anything which has been done since the cowardly flight of Benbow's Captains. The frigate *Calypso*, Captain John Easterbrook, with her consort the *Resolute*, Captain Samuel Boys, fell in at daybreak with a squadron of the enemy, consisting of three frigates, one of them being the *Malicieuse*. The names of the other two are not given. The Frenchman bore away on discovery of the Union-Jack, and the British ships gave chase. After some hours the *Calypso* came up with the *Malicieuse*, the hindmost of the three, the *Resolute* being then a quarter of a mile or so astern, though crowding all sail. It is reported by Captain Boys, he being then on his quarter-deck and glass in hand, that the engagement was commenced by the *Malicieuse* firing a shot from her stern-chaser which struck the *Calypso*; that then he saw Captain Easterbrook strike his colors with his own hand; that his officers ran about him, and he cut one down; that the Frenchman immediately lowered a boat and boarded the prize, driving the crew below; and that the other two French frigates backed their sails, whereupon he withdrew from the chase, thinking it useless to engage three vessels at once; that he was not pursued; and that he knows no reason at all why the ship was surrendered without firing a shot. 'Tis thought that the *Calypso* hath been conveyed to Brest. This account is the more extraordinary by reason of the character for gallantry possessed by Captain Easterbrook, who was one of Captain Lockhart's Lieutenants on board the fighting *Tartar*.'"

"This is a very strange story," said Captain Petherick. "By your leave, Mr. Brinjes, I will not believe it."

"Thank ye, old friend," said the Admiral, hoarsely. "My boy surrender? Never, sir—never. Damme, Mr. Apothecary, wilt thou try to persuade us that such a thing is possible?"

"We cannot believe it, Admiral," said Captain Petherick. "Yet it is in the despatches."

"There is something that we are not told," said Mr. Brinjes. "But, without doubt, the *Calypso* is taken prisoner, and some one on board struck the colors."

The Admiral stared about him with amazement and confusion in his eyes. Then he rose slowly. "I shall go home, gentlemen. I wish you good-night. Some one shall swing for this lie—some one shall swing." He moved toward the door, forgetting his hat and cloak, which one of the gentlemen reached for him. "Some one, I say, shall swing for this—this diabolical lie about my boy Jack. We shall see—damme, I say, we shall see! What, sirrah, the lantern not lit?" Indeed, it was not the duty of the negro to keep the candle burning through the evening; but the Admiral belabored him so lustily that the fellow roared, and the company trembled lest he should be killed. But a negro's head is hard. Then the Admiral walked away. This was his last night with the Club; he came no more to the Sir John Falstaff.

The gentlemen, without his presence, sat awhile speechless. But the landlord brought in the punch, and they presently filled and lit their pipes, and began to whisper.

"Gentlemen," said the Apothecary, "I hope I shall not be thought to be a man over-ready to believe this monstrous thing if I submit that it may be true, and that the act was made possible by one of those sudden madnesses which the people believe to be the possession of the devil. We read of poor women, in such fits, murdering their own tender children; and of husbands beating to death their wives, without a cause; and of learned scholars who have gone forth from their books to hang themselves without any reason for despair. No man is at all times master of his own actions; and doubtless there are in the brain, as in the body, weak places, so that just as one man falleth into an asthma, or a rheumatism, or the gout, by reason of bodily imperfections, so may a man by mental disorder commit acts of false judgment, foolish conclusions, and mad acts for which there is no accounting. Nor can we anticipate or prevent such attacks. I once knew as brave a fellow as ever stepped to snivel and cry for an hour together; and why? Only because he was sentenced to be hanged. Yet he walked manfully to the gallows in the end. And another, who fell on his knees and wept aloud, because he was to have a tooth out, which he dreaded more than he did the three dozen he had received a month before."

CHAPTER XL.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

The next despatches brought confirmation of the news. There could now be no doubt at all that the *Calypso* had been surrendered by the Captain, and that without striking a blow. The consternation and shame which fell upon us cannot be described; nay, not upon us only, but upon the whole town of Deptford, to whom Jack was nothing short of a hero.

I know not who first started the rumor—perhaps it was Mr. Brinjes himself—but it was presently spread over all the town that the Captain was bewitched. And so great was the popular indignation, that had the people known what had passed with Bess Westmoreland, I make no doubt they would have murdered her. Fortunately, there was no suspicion at all. No one had seen them together, or knew that there had been any love passages between them, or any jealousy. Most certainly they would have murdered her, the women especially being full of wrath against the unknown author of this misfortune.

But I was uneasy—listening to the talk of these termagants, as they gathered in the streets, and cried out what should be done to the witch—lest some one should turn suspicion upon Bess. As for Philadelphy, who would have been suspected, it was known that the Captain was to marry her young mistress, and therefore she could not be the witch. Now, of wise women, who know the properties of simples, and can read the signs of good and bad luck, and tell fortunes by cards, there are always plenty; but of witches there was in Deptford only one, and of wizards only one, and both of them known to be friends of the Captain.

"It is true, Luke," said Bess Westmoreland, when I found her in the usual place. "Do not talk as if it were not true, because I am assured that the news is true. Why, I knew that something terrible was going to fall upon him. Mr. Brinjes says there may be some mistake in the evidence of Captain Boys; but I know better. It is quite true. What will happen next, I know not. But I shall have my lover back again, whatever happens. The fortune always ended in the same way, with love at last."

"Whatever happens, Bess? Why, he is now a prisoner of war, and, unless exchanged, will remain a prisoner till the war is ended. And if he ever return he will be tried and shot."

"Then he will stay where he is, and send for me," she replied, as if the recovery of her lover, should that be brought about, would be cheaply purchased at the cost of his honor. But women know little of man's regard for honor. "He will send for me; and if it were to the ends of the earth, I would go to him."

Thus, while the rest were overwhelmed with shame, she who loved him thought little of the deed and much of the man. Thus it is that a woman may love a man so that whatever he does, whether he succeed or fail, even if he does disgraceful and shameful things, she will love him steadfastly. In Bess's simple words, he is always the same man for her.

So we lost our hero. At least, so we thought we had lost him. He was taken to a French prison. He would never be so mad as to return to England, where certain death awaited him. We should never see him again. And, as Captain Petherick truly said, we were all shamed by an act as truly cowardly as ever British sailor committed. The newspapers continued to speak of it; the evidence of Captain Boys was printed in full, and there were more epigrams. And then other things happened; and the loss of the *Calypso* would have been speedily forgotten but for a surprising and unexpected turn, which was, so to speak, a second act in this tragedy of Jack Easterbrook's end.

Truly surprising and unexpected it was, and the intelligence of it threw us all into an agitation worse, if possible, than the first. For we were assured that the worst was over. The first blow fell upon us like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and now we were rising to our feet again (except the Admiral), stunned and confused, yet in a fair way of recovery, as happens in every earthly calamity, else 'twould be impossible to live. The child we love—nay, the woman we love—dies, yet behold the sun rises and sets, and presently the daily life goes on as before, and the loss is partly forgotten. Suppose, however, the woman were not dead, but came to life again, only to die with more cruel suffering and with shame! What happened, in a word, was this.

The crew of the prize had orders to take the *Calypso* to Brest, which was the nearest French port. They ordered their prisoners below to the quarters always designed for men in that unhappy position, namely, the forward portion of the cockpit, where they have to sit in gloom, lit only by one great ship's lantern all day and all night, save for such times as they are allowed on deck for fresh air in gangs and small companies. When the Englishmen were driven below, and the prize crew appointed, the *Malicieuse* parted company, and the *Calypso* was left to make her own way to Brest.

"On the second day," we read in the *London Post*, "the prisoners rose, and became again masters of the ship, which was brought into Spithead under the First Lieutenant, the Captain being kept a prisoner in his cabin. This extraordinary reversal of fortune, and other circumstances attending the case, have excited the greatest interest. The Lords Commissioners have ordered the ship to be brought to Deptford, where the court-martial on Captain Easterbrook will be held."

As is usual in news published by authority in the *Gazette*, and copied by other newspapers, there were no particulars of the manner in which the ship was recovered, except that she was navigated by the First Lieutenant. Had the crew, then, mutinied against their Captain, and confined him to his cabin? If not, how was he a prisoner?

It was impossible for me, who knew the whole circumstances of the case, not to feel that in this surprising reversal of fortune, and in the ordering of the court-martial, there was a direct interposition of the hand of Providence, such as may well make the guilty tremble. To lose life, and honor as well, which is dearer than life, as a penalty for broken vows, seems a terrible punishment, and out of proportion to the offence. But it is not every inconstant lover who hath expressly called down upon his own head, as Jack did, the wrath of God in case of his inconstancy. Man cannot with impunity call upon the name of the Lord. There is a story of one who learned how to draw the lightnings out of heaven, but he drew them upon himself, and so perished. Was not this the fate of Jack Easterbrook?

Alas! we were now wholly without hope. For needs must that he be tried; and he was condemned already, and as good as shot. While he was prisoner with the French, his life at least was safe; and if he chose never to return, he could certainly never be tried; and so his case would be in the course of time forgotten. But now he must be tried, and he must be condemned.

"But," said Mr. Brinjes, "he shall call me as a witness; and I will prove from books and from mine own experience that there have happened many cases of sudden madness, and that in such an access or seizure a man is not master of himself. And those who have travelled much in countries where the sun is hot, and especially those who have wandered, as the boy did, among savages, with insufficient food, and perhaps no covering for the head, are more than others liable to such fits—instances of which I can produce. It will also be set forth that the Captain, not long before he sailed, received so heavy a blow upon the head that he was carried senseless through the town and across the river. Such a blow may of itself produce the effect of sudden madness. Men who have proved themselves brave sailors and fond of fight do not, unless from this cause, suddenly become cowardly. Why, he crowded all sail to get within range of the enemy."

"Yet he struck his flag," I said. "Is every man who runs away, after marching resolutely to meet the enemy, to plead that he was smitten with a sudden madness?"

As for the value of such evidence, I know not what it would have availed, but I think it would have availed nothing in the eyes of the officers who formed the court. But, as you will presently see, it never was produced. Perhaps the knowledge of what he could testify gave the Apothecary an inward assurance which comforted him. For he showed no alarm, and maintained stoutly that his own evidence, with the prisoner's previous good conduct, would get Jack acquitted, if it did not get him reinstated in command.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.

Nothing is more interesting in the history of an artistic talent than the moment at which its "elective affinity" declares itself, and the interest is great in proportion as the declaration is unmistakable. I mean by the elective affinity of a talent its climate and period of preference, the spot on the globe or in the annals of mankind to which it most fondly attaches itself, to which it reverts incorrigibly, round which it revolves with a curiosity that is insatiable, from which, in short, it draws its strongest inspiration. A man may personally inhabit a certain place at a certain time, but in imagination he may be a perpetual absentee, and to a degree worse than the worst Irish landlord, separating himself from his legal inheritance not only by mountains and seas, but by centuries as well. When he is a man of genius these perverse predilections become fruitful, and constitute a new and independent life, and they are, indeed, to a certain extent the sign and concomitant of genius. I do not mean by this that high ability would always rather have been born in another country and another age, but certainly it likes to choose, it seldom fails to react against imposed conditions. If it accepts them, it does so because it likes them for themselves; and if they fail to commend themselves, it doesn't scruple to fly away in search of others. We have witnessed this flight in many a case; I admit that if we have sometimes applauded it, we have felt at other moments that the discontented, undomiciled spirit had better have staid at home.

Mr. Abbey has gone afield, and there could be no better instance of a successful fugitive and a genuine affinity, no more interesting example of selection—selection of field and subject—operating by that insight which has the precocity and certainty of an instinct. The domicile of Mr. Abbey's genius is the England of the eighteenth century; I should add that the palace of art which he has erected there commands—from the rear, as it were—various charming glimpses of the preceding age. The finest work he has yet done is in his admirable illustrations, in Harper's Magazine, to *She Stoops to Conquer*, but the promise that he would one day do it was given some years ago in his delightful volume of designs to accompany Herrick's poems; to which we may add, as supplementary evidence, his drawings for Mr. William Black's novel of *Judith Shakespeare*.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1852, and manifesting his brilliant but unencouraged aptitudes at a very early age, came in 1872 to New York to draw for Harper's Weekly. Other views than this, if I have been correctly informed, had been entertained for his future—a fact that provokes a smile now that his manifest destiny has been, or is in course of being, so very neatly accomplished. The spirit of modern æsthetics did not, at any rate, as I understand the matter, smile upon his cradle, and the circumstance only increases the interest of his having

had from the earliest moment the clearest artistic vision. It has sometimes happened that the distinguished draughtsman or painter has been born in the studio, and fed, as it were, from the palette, but in the great majority of cases he has been nursed by the profane, and certainly, on the doctrine of mathematical chances, a Philadelphia genius would scarcely be an exception. Mr. ABBEY was fortunate, however, in not being obliged to lose time; he learned how to swim by jumping into deep water. Even if he had not known by instinct how to draw, he would have had to perform the feat from the moment that he found himself attached to the "art department" of a remarkably punctual periodical. In such a periodical the events of the day are promptly reproduced; and with the morrow so near, the day is necessarily a short one—too short for gradual educations. Such a school is not, no doubt, the ideal one, but in fact it may have a very happy influence. If a youth is to give an account of a scene with his pencil at a certain hour—to give it, as it were, or perish—he will have become conscious, in the first place, of a remarkable incentive to observe it, so that the roughness of the foster-mother who imparts the precious faculty of quick, complete observation is really a blessing in disguise. To say that it was simply under this kind of pressure that Mr. ABBEY acquired the extraordinary refinement which distinguishes his work in black and white is doubtless to say too much; but his admirers may be excused, in view of the beautiful result, for almost wishing, on grounds of patriotism, to make the training, or the absence of training, responsible for as much as possible. For as no artistic genius that our country has produced is more delightful than Mr. ABBEY'S, so, surely, nothing could be more characteristically American than that it should have formed itself in the conditions that happened to be nearest at hand, with the crowds, streets and squares, the railway stations and telegraph poles, the wondrous sign-boards and triumphant bunting, of New York for the source of its inspiration, and with a big hurrying printing-house for its studio. If to begin the practice of art in these conditions was to incur the danger of being crude, Mr. ABBEY braved it with remarkable success. At all events, if he went neither through the mill of Paris nor through that of Munich, the writer of these lines more than consoles himself for the accident. His talent is unsurpassably fine, and yet we may reflect with complacency that he picked it up altogether at home. If he is highly distinguished, he is irremediably native, and (premising always that I speak mainly of his work in black and white) it is difficult to see, as we look, for instance, at the admirable series of his drawings for *She Stoops to Conquer*, what more Paris or Munich could have done for him. There is a certain refreshment in meeting an American artist of the first order who is not a pupil of GÉRÔME or CABANEL.

Of course, I hasten to add, we must make our account with the fact that, as I began with remarking, the great development of Mr. ABBEY'S powers has taken place amid the brown old accessories of a country where that eighteenth century which he presently marked for his own are more profusely represented than they have the good fortune to be in America, and consequently limit our contention to the point that his talent itself was already formed when this happy initiation was opened to it. He went to England for the first time in 1878, but it was not all at once that he fell into the trick, so irresistible for an artist doing his special work, of living there. I must forbid myself every impertinent conjecture, but it may be respectfully assumed that Mr. ABBEY rather drifted into exile than committed himself to it with malice prepense. The habit, at any rate, to-day appears to be confirmed, and to express it roughly, he is surrounded by the objects and mementos he requires. During these years, until the recent period when he began to exhibit at the water-color exhibitions, his work has been done principally for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and the record of it is to be found in the recent back volumes. I shall not take space to tell it over piece by piece, for the reader who turns to the Magazine will have no difficulty in recognizing it. It has a distinction altogether its own; there is always poetry, humor, charm, in the idea, and always an infinite grace and security in the execution.

As I have intimated, Mr. ABBEY never deals with the things and figures of to-day; his imagination must perform a wide backward journey before it can take the air. But beyond this modern radius it breathes with singular freedom and naturalness. At a distance of fifty years it begins to be at home; it expands and takes possession; it recognizes its own. With all his ability, with all his tact, it would be impossible to him, as we conceive, to illustrate a novel of contemporary manners; he would inevitably throw it back to the age of hair-powder and post-chaises. The coats and trousers, the feminine gear, the chairs and tables of the current year, the general aspect of things immediate and familiar, say nothing to his mind, and there are other interpreters to whom he is quite content to leave them. He shows no great interest even in the modern face, if there be a modern face apart from a modern setting; I am not sure what he thinks of its complications and refinements of expression, but he has certainly little relish for its *banal*, vulgar mustache, its prosaic, mercantile whisker, surmounting the last new thing in shirt collars. Dear to him is the physiognomy of clean-shaven periods, when cheek and lip and chin, abounding in line and surface, had the air of soliciting the pencil. Impeccable as he is in drawing, he likes a whole face, with reason, and likes a whole figure; the latter not to the exclusion of clothes, in which he delights, but as the clothes of our great-grandfathers helped it to be seen. No one has ever understood breeches and stockings better than he, or the human leg, that delight of the draughtsman, as the costume of the last century permitted it to be known. The petticoat and bodice of the same period have as little mystery for him, and his women and girls have altogether the poetry of a by-gone manner and fashion. They are not modern heroines, with modern nerves and accomplishments, but figures of remembered song and story, calling up visions of spinet and harpsichord that have lost their music to-day, high-walled gardens that have ceased to bloom, flowered stuffs that are faded, locks of hair that are lost, love-letters that are pale. By which I don't mean that they are vague and spectral, for Mr. ABBEY has in the highest degree the art of imparting life, and he gives it in particular to his well-made, blooming maidens. They live in a world in which there is no question of their passing Harvard or other examinations, but they stand very firmly on their quaintly shod feet. They are exhaustively "felt," and eminently qualified to attract the opposite sex, which is not the case with ghosts, who, moreover, do not wear the most palpable petticoats of quilted satin, nor sport the most delicate fans, nor take generally the most ingratiating attitudes.

The best work that Mr. ABBEY has done is to be found in the succession of illustrations to *She Stoops to Conquer*; here we see his happiest characteristics, and—till he does something still more brilliant—may take his full measure. No work in black and white in our time has been more truly artistic, and certainly no success more unqualified. The artist has given us a complete evocation of a social state to its smallest details, and done it with an unsurpassable lightness of touch. The problem was in itself delightful—the accidents and incidents (granted a situation *de comédie*) of an old, rambling, wainscoted, out-of-the-way English country house, in the age of GOLDSMITH. Here Mr. ABBEY is in his element—given up equally to unerring observation and still more infallible divination. The whole place, and the figures that come and go in it, live again, with their individual look, their peculiarities, their special signs and oddities. The spirit of the dramatist has passed completely into the artist's sense, but the spirit of the historian has done so almost as much. Tony Lumpkin is, as we say nowadays, a document, and Miss Hardcastle embodies the results of research. Delightful are the humor and quaintness and grace of all this, delightful the variety and the richness of personal characterization, and delightful, above all, the drawing. It is impossible to represent with such vividness unless, to begin with, one sees; and it is impossible to see unless one wants to very much, or unless, in other words, one has a great love. Mr. ABBEY has evidently the tenderest affection for just the old house and the old things, the old faces and voices, the whole irrevocable human scene which the genial hand of GOLDSMITH has passed over to him, and there is no inquiry about them that he is not in a position to answer. He is intimate with the buttons of coats and the buckles of shoes; he knows not only exactly what his people wore, but exactly how they wore it, and how they felt when they had it on. He has sat on the old chairs and sofas, and rubbed against the old wainscots, and leaned over the old banisters. He knows every mended place in Tony Lumpkin's stockings, and exactly how that ingenuous youth leaned back on the spinet, with his thick, familiar thumb out, when he presented his inimitable countenance, with a grin, to Mr. Hastings, after he had set his fond mother a-whimpering. (There is nothing in the whole series, by-the-way, better indicated than the exquisitely simple, half-bumpkin, half-vulgar expression of Tony's countenance and smile in this scene, unless it be the charming arch yet modest face of Miss Hardcastle, lighted by the candle she carries, as, still holding the door by which she comes in, she is challenged by young Marlow to relieve his bewilderment as to where he really is and what *she* really is.) In short, if we have all seen *She Stoops to Conquer* acted, Mr. ABBEY has had the better fortune of seeing it off the stage; and it is noticeable how happily he has steered clear of the danger of making his people theatrical types—mere masqueraders and wearers of properties. This is especially the case with his women, who have not a hint of the conventional paint and patches, simpering with their hands in the pockets of aprons, but are taken from the same originals from which GOLDSMITH took them.

If it be asked on the occasion of this limited sketch of Mr. ABBEY'S powers where, after all, he did learn to draw so perfectly, I know no answer but to say that he learned it in the school in which he learned also to paint (as he has been doing in these latest years, rather tentatively at first, but with greater and greater success)—the school of his own personal observation. His drawing is the drawing of direct, immediate, solicitous study of the particular case, without tricks, or affectations, or any sort of cheap subterfuge, and nothing can exceed the charm of its delicacy, accuracy, and elegance, its variety and freedom, and clear, frank solution of difficulties. If for the artist it is the foundation of every joy to know exactly what he wants (as I hold it is indeed), Mr. ABBEY is, to all appearance, to be constantly congratulated. And I apprehend that he would not deny that it is a good fortune for him to have been able to arrange his life so that his eye encounters in abundance the particular cases of which I speak. Two or three years ago, at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, in London, he exhibited an exquisite picture of a peaceful old couple sitting in the corner of a low, quiet, ancient room, in the waning afternoon, and listening to their daughter as she stands up in the middle and plays the harp to them. They are Darby and Joan, with all the poetry preserved; they sit hand in hand, with bent, approving heads, and the deep recess of the window looking into the garden (where we may be sure there are yew-trees clipped into the shape of birds and beasts), the panelled room, the quaintness of the fireside, the old-time provincial expression of the scene, all belong to the class of effects which Mr. ABBEY understands supremely well. So does the great russet wall and high-pitched mottled roof of the rural almshouse which figures in the admirable water-color picture that he exhibited last spring. A group of remarkably pretty countrywomen have been arrested in front of it by the passage of a young soldier—a raw recruit in scarlet tunic and white ducks, somewhat prematurely conscious of military glory. He gives them the benefit of the goose-step as he goes; he throws back his head and distends his fingers, and presents to the ladies a back expressive of more consciousness of his fine figure than of the lovely mirth that the artist has depicted in their faces. Lovely is their mirth indeed, and lovely are they altogether. Mr. ABBEY has produced nothing more charming than this bright knot of handsome, tittering daughters of burghers, in their primeval pelisses and sprigged frocks. I have, however, left myself no space to go into the question of his prospective honors as a painter, to which everything now appears to point, and I have mentioned the two pictures last exhibited mainly because they illustrate the happy opportunities with which he has been able to surround himself. The sweet old corners he appreciates, the russet walls of moss-grown charities, the low-browed nooks of manor, cottage, and parsonage, the fresh complexions that flourish in green, pastoral countries where it rains not a little—every item in this line that seems conscious of its pictorial use appeals to Mr. ABBEY not in vain. He might have been a grandson of WASHINGTON IRVING, which is a proof of what I have already said, that none of the young American workers in the same field have so little as he of that imperfectly assimilated foreignness of suggestion which is sometimes regarded as the strength, but which is also in some degree the weakness, of the pictorial effort of the United States. His execution is as sure of itself as if it rested upon infinite Parisian initiation, but his feeling can best be described by saying that it is that of our own dear mother-tongue. If the writer speaks when he writes, and the draughtsman speaks when he draws, Mr. ABBEY, in expressing himself with his pencil, certainly speaks pure English. He reminds us to a certain extent of MEISSONIER, especially the MEISSONIER of the illustrations to that charming little volume of the *Contes Rémois*, and the comparison is highly to his advantage in the matter of freedom, variety, ability to represent movement (MEISSONIER'S figures are stock-still), and facial expression—above all, in the handling of the female personage, so rarely attempted by the French artist. But he differs from the latter signally in the fact that though he shares his sympathy as to period and costume, his people are of another race and tradition, and move in a world locally altogether different. Mr. ABBEY is still young, he is full of ideas and intentions, and the work he has done may, in view of his time of life, of his opportunities, and the singular completeness of his talent, be regarded really as a kind of foretaste and prelude. It can hardly fail that he will do better things still, when everything is so favorable. Life itself is his subject, and that is always at his door. The only obstacle, therefore, that can be imagined in Mr. ABBEY'S future career is a possible embarrassment as to what to choose. He has hitherto chosen so well, however, that this obstacle will probably not be insuperable.

HENRY JAMES.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of ex-President Chester A. Arthur took place on Monday of last week. It had been the wish of the family that the ceremonies should be as simple as possible. A quiet and as far as might be a private funeral was desired by the immediate family of the dead statesman, but the presence of the many distinguished men who came from all parts of the United States to attend it alone made it one of the most notable funerals ever seen in this country, and while there was no ostentatious display, the ceremonies were peculiarly impressive. As the interment was to be at the Rural Cemetery, near Albany, the church services in this city were held at an early hour in the morning. Before half past eight o'clock hundreds of distinguished men, including President Cleveland and the only living ex-President of the United States, Mr. Hayes, the Chief-Justice and several Justices of the Supreme Court, cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers, Senators, and gentlemen distinguished in all the walks of public life, had paid a visit to the house at 123 Lexington Avenue, where the remains were resting, and had taken a last look at the features of the dead. Meantime a battalion of regular troops, consisting of six batteries of the Fifth Artillery, from Governor's Island, and a naval battalion, formed of a company of marines and five companies of sailors, from the Navy-yard, were being drawn up in front of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue. Precisely at 9 A.M. the hearse arrived at the church door. The casket as it was borne into the church was preceded by the following pall-bearers: Walter Q. Gresham, ex-Postmaster-General, Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Secretary of War, William E. Chandler, ex-Secretary of the Navy, Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General, Benjamin Harris Brewster, ex-Attorney-General, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, Cornelius R. Agnew, M.D., Cornelius N. Bliss, R. G. Dun, General George H. Sharpe, Charles S. Tiffany, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. At the portals the funeral party was met by the clergy, preceded by a surpliced choir of thirty singers. The clergymen were Rev. Dr. Morgan, rector of the church, and Rev. G. W. Babcock, his assistant; Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's; Rev. McKay Smith, of St. Thomas's; Rev. W. A. Leonard, of St. John's, Washington, D. C.; and Rev. Dr. Humphreys, the precentor of the Cathedral at Garden City. The procession to the chancel was solemn and imposing. The interior of the church was heavily draped, and from the baptismal font arose a luxuriant palm, the branches of which drooped over a base of lilies and smilax. At the conclusion of the church services the body, preceded by the soldiers and sailors, was taken to the Grand Central Depot, and from thence by special train to the cemetery at Albany. Bishop Doane conducted the services at the grave.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, whose death took place at his Boston home on Sunday, November 21, was born on August 18, 1807. He was the son of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and the grandson of JOHN ADAMS, each of whom had held the office of President, and he inherited many of the strongly marked characteristics of these famous Americans. His education was peculiar, as he was taken by his father in babyhood to St. Petersburg, and was in various schools abroad during his father's diplomatic service in Russia and England from 1809 to 1817. During the next eight years he was in the Boston Latin School and in Harvard College. He left college the year of his father's election to the Presidency, spent two years in Washington studying law under his father's guidance, and another year in the office of DANIEL WEBSTER, whence he was admitted to the bar, though he never practised his profession. He married early in life the daughter of Mr. PETER C. BROOKS, and entered on the quiet life of a gentleman of means, culture, leisure, and studious tastes, and it was not till 1841, when he was thirty-four years old, that he took an active part in politics. He was chosen as a Whig to the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and after three years' service, to the Senate, where he served one term. It was at this period that the "irrepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom, after a term of apparent but delusive calm, was again breaking out. The slave power was steadily pushing toward the annexation of new slave territory in Texas, and the Southern States were becoming more and more arrogant.

Mr. ADAMS promptly took position, and held it firmly and aggressively, with the "Conscience Whigs." He wrote the "Protest" against the Texas scheme issued by the famous Faneuil Hall meeting of 1845, at which WENDELL PHILLIPS first appeared as an orator. In 1849 he presided over the Free-soil Convention at Buffalo, which nominated Mr. VAN BUREN for President and himself as Vice-President. After the failure of this movement he retired to private life until his election to Congress in 1858, where he was a prominent member of what was known as the SEWARD wing of the Republican party. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was sent as Minister to England.

It was in this very important and very trying post that he performed most valuable service, such as perhaps no other American could have rendered. At the court where his father and his grandfather had preceded him, he, as they, was forced to face a jealous and almost hostile spirit, not untinged with contempt. He was as fully qualified for the task as they had been. His energy, self-reliance, and firmness made him a singularly efficient representative of his government. He served as the American arbitrator in the Tribunal of Geneva, and with equal distinction. After his return home he took no active part in politics. He published memoirs, with correspondence, of JOHN ADAMS, and also of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the first in ten, the second in twelve volumes.

THE HERALD AND COURIER OF EDITORIAL BROTHERLY LOVE AND GOOD-WILL.

N.B.—All editors please copy.

THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ARTHU

1. The Procession. 2. In the Church. 3.

UR.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 787.]

3. Leaving the Church. 4. At the Grave.

SHE:*

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XVIII.

GO, WOMAN!

Then followed a silence of a minute or so, during which *She* appeared, if one might judge from the almost angelic rapture of her face—for she looked angelic sometimes—to be plunged in a happy ecstasy. Suddenly, however, a new thought struck her, and her expression became the very reverse of angelic.

"Almost had I forgotten," she said, "that woman, Ustane. What is she to Kallikrates—his servant, or—?" and she paused, and her voice trembled.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I understand that she is wed to him according to the custom of the Amahagger," I answered; "but I know not."

Her face grew dark as a thunder-cloud. Old as she was, Ayesha had not outlived jealousy.

"Then there is an end," she said; "she must die, even now!"

"Nay, nay," I cried, "it would be a wicked crime, and from a crime naught comes but what is evil. For thy own sake do not this deed."

"Is it, then, a crime, O foolish man, to put away that which stands between us and our ends? Then is our life one long crime, my Holly; for day by day we destroy that we may live, since in this world none save the strongest can endure."

But I was deeply anxious to save Ustane, whom I liked and respected, from the dire fate that overshadowed her at the hands of her mighty rival. So I made one more appeal.

"Ayesha," I said, "thou art too subtle for me; but thou thyself hast told me that each man should be a law unto himself, and follow the teaching of his heart. Hath thy heart no mercy toward her whose place thou wouldst take? Bethink thee, as thou sayest—though to me the thing is incredible—he whom thou desirest has returned to thee after many years, and but now thou hast, as thou sayest also, wrung him from the jaws of death. Wilt thou celebrate his coming by the murder of one who loved him, and whom, perchance, he loved—one, at any rate, who saved his life for thee when the spears of thy slaves would have made an end thereof? Thou sayest also that in past days thou didst grievously wrong this man, that with thine own hand thou didst slay him because of the Egyptian Amenartas, whom he loved."

"How knowest thou that, O stranger? How knowest thou that name? I spoke it not to thee," she broke in with a cry, catching at my arm.

"Perchance I dreamed it," I answered; "strange dreams do hover about these caves of Kôr. It seems that the dream was, indeed, a shadow of the truth. What came to thee of thy mad crime?—two thousand years of waiting, was it not? and now wouldst thou repeat the history? Say what thou wilt, I tell thee that evil will come of it; for to him who doeth, at the least, good breeds good and evil evil, even though in after-days out of evil cometh good. Offences must needs come, but woe to him by whom the offence cometh. So said that Messiah of whom I spoke to thee, and it was truly said. If thou slayest this innocent woman, I say unto thee that thou shalt be accursed, and pluck no fruit from thine ancient tree of love. Also, what thinkest thou? How will this man take thee red-handed from the slaughter of her who loved and tended him?"

"As to that," she answered, "I have already answered thee. Had I slain thee as well as her, yet should he love me, Holly, because he could not help himself, any more than thou couldst help dying, if by chance I slew thee, O Holly. And yet maybe there is truth in what thou dost say; for in some way it presseth on my mind. If it may be, I will spare this woman; for have I not told thee that I am not cruel for the sake of cruelty? I love not to see suffering, or to cause it. Let her come before me—quick, now, before my mood changes," and she hastily covered her face with its gauzy wrapping.

Well pleased to have succeeded even to this extent, I passed out into the passage and called to Ustane, whose white garment I caught sight of some yards away, huddled up against one of the earthen-ware lamps that were placed at intervals along the tunnel. She rose, and ran toward me.

"Is my lord dead? Oh, say not he is dead," she cried, lifting her noble-looking face, all stained as it was with tears, up to me with an air of infinite beseeching that went straight to my heart.

"Nay; he lives," I answered. "*She* hath saved him. Enter."

She sighed deeply, and entered, and fell upon her hands and knees, after the custom of the Amahagger people, in the presence of the dread *She*.

"Stand," said Ayesha, in her coldest voice, "and come hither."

Ustane obeyed, standing before her with bowed head.

Then came a pause, which she broke.

"Who is this man?" she said, pointing to the sleeping form of Leo.

"The man is my husband," she answered, in a low voice.

"Who gave him to thee for a husband?"

"I took him according to the custom of our country, O *She*."

"Thou hast done evil, woman, in taking this man, who is a stranger. He is not a man of thine own race, and the custom fails. Listen. Perchance thou didst this thing through ignorance; therefore, woman, do I spare thee; otherwise hadst thou died. Listen again. Go from hence back to thine own place, and never dare to speak to or set thine eyes upon this man again. He is not for thee. Listen a third time. If thou breakest this my law, that moment thou diest. Go."

But Ustane did not move.

"Go, woman!"

Then she looked up, and I saw that her face was torn with passion.

"Nay, O *She*, I will not go," she answered, in a choked voice. "The man is my husband, and I love him; I love him, and I will not leave him. What right hast thou to make me leave my husband?"

I saw a little quiver pass down Ayesha's frame, and shuddered myself, fearing the worst.

"Be pitiful," I said, in Greek; "it is but nature working."

"I am pitiful," she answered, coldly; "had I not been pitiful, she had been dead even now." Then addressing Ustane: "Woman, I say to thee go, before I destroy thee where thou art!"

"I will not go. He is mine—mine!" she cried, in anguish. "I took him, and I saved his life. Destroy me, then, if thou hast the power. I will not give thee my husband—never—never!"

Ayesha made a movement so swift that I could scarcely follow it, but it seemed to me that she lightly struck the poor girl upon the hair with her hand. I looked at Ustane's head, and then staggered back in horror; for there upon her hair, right across her bronze-like tresses, were three finger-marks as *white as snow*. As for the girl herself, she had put her hands to her head, and was looking dazed.

"Great heavens!" I said, perfectly aghast at this dreadful manifestation of inhuman power; but *She* did but laugh a little.

"Thou thinkest, poor ignorant fool," she said to the bewildered woman, "that I have not power to slay. Stay; there lies a mirror;" and she pointed to Leo's round shaving-glass that had been arranged by Job with other things upon his portmanteau. "Give it to this woman, my Holly, and let her see that which lies across her hair, and whether or no I have power to slay."

I picked up the glass and held it before Ustane's eyes. She gazed, then felt at her hair, then gazed again, and then sank upon the ground with a sort of sob.

"Now wilt thou go, or must I strike a second time?" asked Ayesha, in mockery. "See; I have set my seal upon thee, so that I may know thee till thy hair is all as white as it. If I see thy face here again, be sure too that thy bones shall soon be whiter than my mark upon thy hair."

Utterly awed and broken down, the poor creature rose, and, marked with that awful mark, crept from the room, sobbing bitterly.

That night I passed in Leo's room, but he slept through it like the dead, never once stirring. I also slept fairly well, as, indeed, I needed to do, but my sleep was full of dreams of all the horrors and wonders I had undergone. Chiefly, however, I was haunted by that frightful piece of diablerie by which Ayesha left her finger-marks upon her rival's hair. There was something so terrible about the swift, snake-like movement, and the instantaneous blanching of that threefold line, that if the results to Ustane had been much more tremendous I doubt if they would have impressed me so deeply. To this day I often dream of that dread scene, and see the weeping woman, bereaved, and marked like Cain, cast a last look at her lover, and creep from the presence of her dread Queen.

Another dream that troubled me was about the huge pyramid of bones. I dreamed that they all stood up and marched past me in thousands and tens of thousands—in squadrons, companies, and armies—with the sunlight shining through their hollow ribs. On they rushed across the plain to Kôr, their imperial home; I saw the drawbridges fall before them, and heard their bones clank through the brazen gates. On they went, up the splendid streets, on past fountains, palaces, and temples such as the eye of man never saw. But there was no man to greet them in the market-place, and no woman's head appeared at the windows; only a bodiless voice went before them, calling, "*Fallen is Imperial Kôr!—fallen!—fallen!—fallen!*" On, right through the city, marched those gleaming phalanxes, and the rattle of their bony tread went echoing through the silent air as they pressed grimly on. They passed through the city, and clomb the wall, and marched along the great roadway that was made upon it, till at length they once more reached the drawbridge. Then, as the sun was sinking, they returned again toward their sepulchre, and luridly his light shone through them, throwing gigantic shadows of their bones, that stretched away and moved like huge spiders' legs as they wound across the plain. Back they came to the cave, and once more flung themselves in unending files through the hole into the huge pyramid of bones; and I awoke, shuddering, to see *She*, who had evidently been standing between my couch and Leo's, glide like a shadow from the room.

After this I slept again, soundly this time, till morning, when I awoke much refreshed, and got up. At last the hour drew near at which, according to Ayesha, Leo was to awake, and with it came *She* herself, as usual, veiled.

"Thou shalt see, Holly," she said; "presently shall he awake in his right mind, the fever having left him."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when Leo turned round and stretched out his arms, yawned, opened his eyes, and perceiving a female form bending over him, threw his arms round her and kissed her, mistaking her, perhaps, for Ustane; because, next minute, he said, in Arabic, "Hullo, Ustane, why have you tied your head up like that? have you got the toothache?" and then, in English, "I say, I'm awfully hungry. Why, Job, you old son of a gun, where the deuce have we got to now—eh?"

"I am sure I wish I knew, Mr. Leo," said Job, edging suspiciously past Ayesha, whom he still regarded with the utmost disgust and horror, being by no means sure that she was not an animated corpse; "but you mustn't talk, Mr. Leo; you've been very ill, and given us a great deal of hanxiety; and if this lady," looking at Ayesha, "would be so kind as to move, I'll bring you your soup."

This turned Leo's attention to the "lady," who was standing by in perfect silence. "Hullo!" he said; "that is not Ustane—where is Ustane?"

Then, for the first time, Ayesha spoke to him, and her first words were a lie. "She has gone from hence upon a visit," she said; "and, behold, I am here as thine handmaiden."

Ayesha's silver notes seemed to puzzle his half-awakened intellect, as also did her corpse-like wrappings. However, he said nothing at the time, but drank off his soup greedily enough, and then turned over and slept again till the evening. When he woke for the second time he saw me, and began to question me as to what had happened, but I had to put him off as best I could till the morrow, when he awoke almost miraculously better. Then I told him something of his illness and of my doings, but as Ayesha was present I could not tell him much, except that she was the Queen of the country, and well disposed toward us, and that it was her pleasure to go veiled; for though of course I spoke in English, I was afraid that she might understand what we were saying from the expression of our faces, and, besides, I remembered her warning.

On the following day Leo got up, almost entirely recovered. The flesh wound in his side was healed, and his constitution, naturally a vigorous one, had shaken off the exhaustion consequent on his terrible fever with a rapidity that I can only attribute to the effects of the wonderful drug which Ayesha had given to him, and also to the fact that his illness had been too short to reduce him very much. With his returning health came back full recollection of all his adventures up to the time when he had lost consciousness in the marsh, and of course of Ustane also, to whom I discovered he had grown considerably attached. Indeed, he overwhelmed me with questions about the poor girl, which I did not dare to answer, for after Leo's first wakening *She* had sent for me, and again warned me solemnly that I was to reveal nothing of the story to him, delicately hinting that if I did it would be the worse for me. She also, for the second time, cautioned me not to tell Leo anything more than I was obliged about herself, saying that she would tell him in her own time.

Indeed, her whole manner changed. After all that I had seen I had expected that she would take the earliest opportunity of claiming the man she believed to be her old-world lover; but this, for some reason of her own, which was at the time quite inscrutable to me, she did not do. All that she did was to attend to his wants quietly, and with a humility that was in striking contrast with her former imperious bearing, addressing him always in a tone of something very like respect, and keeping him with her as much as possible. Of course his curiosity was as much excited about this mysterious woman as my own had been, and he was particularly anxious to see her face, which I had, without entering into particulars, told him was as lovely as her form and voice. This in itself was enough to raise the expectations of any young man to a dangerous pitch, and had it not been that he had not as yet completely shaken off the effects of illness, and was much troubled in his mind about Ustane, of whose affection and brave devotion he spoke in touching terms, I have no doubt that he would have entered into her plans, and fallen in love with her by anticipation. As it was, however, he was simply wildly curious, and also, like myself, considerably awed, for though no hint had been given to him by her of her extraordinary age, he not unnaturally came to identify her with the woman spoken of on the potsherd. At last, quite driven into a corner by his continual questions, which he showered on me while he was dressing on this third morning, I referred him to Ayesha, saying, with perfect truth, that I did not know where Ustane was. Accordingly, after he had eaten a hearty breakfast, we adjourned into *She's* presence, for her mutes had orders to admit us at all hours.

She was, as usual, seated in what, for want of a better term, we called her boudoir, and, on the curtains being drawn, she rose from her couch and, stretching out both hands, came forward to greet us, or rather Leo; for I, as may be imagined, was now quite left in the cold. It was a pretty sight to see her veiled form gliding toward the sturdy young Englishman, dressed in his gray flannel suit; for though he is half a Greek in blood, Leo is, with the exception of his hair, one of the most English-looking men I ever saw. He has nothing of the supple form or slippery manner of the modern Greek about him, though I presume that he got his remarkable personal beauty from his foreign mother, whose portrait he resembles not a little. He is very tall and big-chested, and yet not awkward, as so many big men are, and his head is set upon him in such a fashion as to give him a proud and vigorous air, which was well translated in his Amahagger name of the Lion.

"Greeting to thee, my young stranger lord," she said, in her softest voice. "Right glad am I to see thee upon thy feet. Believe me, had I not saved thee at the last, never wouldst thou have stood upon those feet again. But the danger is done, and it shall be my care"—and she flung a world of meaning into the words—"that it doth never return again."

Leo bowed to her, and then, in his best Arabic, thanked her for all her kindness and courtesy in caring for one unknown to her.

"Nay," she answered, softly, "ill could the world spare such a man. Beauty is too rare upon it. Give me no thanks, who am made happy by thy coming."

"Humph! old fellow," said Master Leo, aside to me in English, "the lady is uncommonly civil. We seem to have tumbled into clover. I hope you have made the most of your opportunities. By Jove! what a pair of arms she has got!"

I nudged him in the ribs to make him keep quiet, for I caught sight of a gleam from Ayesha's hidden eye regarding me curiously.

"I trust," went on Ayesha, "that my servants have attended well upon thee; if there can be comfort in this poor place, be sure it waits on thee. Is there aught that I can do for thee more?"

"Yes, O *She*," answered Leo, hastily. "I would fain know where the young lady who was looking after me has gone to."

"Ah," said Ayesha; "the girl—yes, I saw her. Nay, I know not; she said that she would go. I know not whither. Perchance she will return, perchance not. It is wearisome waiting on the sick, and these savage women are fickle."

Leo looked both sulky and distressed at this intelligence.

"It's infernally odd," he said to me, in English; and then addressing *She*, "I cannot understand," he said; "the young lady and I—well, you know exactly—in short, we had a regard for each other."

Ayesha laughed a little, very musically, and then turned the subject.

XIX.

"GIVE ME A BLACK GOAT!"

The conversation after this was of such a desultory order that I do not quite recollect it. For some reason, perhaps from a desire to keep her identity and character in reserve, Ayesha did not talk freely, as she usually did. Presently, however, she informed Leo that she had arranged a dance that night for our amusement. I was astonished to hear this, as I fancied that the Amahagger were much too gloomy a folk to indulge in any such frivolity; but, as will presently more clearly appear, it turned out that an Amahagger dance had little in common with such fantastic festivities in other countries, savage or civilized. Then, as we were about to withdraw, she suggested that Leo might like to see some of the wonders of the caves, and as he gladly assented to this, thither we departed, accompanied by Job and Billali. To describe our visit would only be to repeat a great deal of what I have already said. The tombs we entered were indeed different, for the whole rock was a honey-comb of sepulchres,* but the contents were nearly always the same. Afterward we visited the pyramid of bones that had haunted my dreams on the previous night, and from thence went down a long passage to one of the great vaults occupied by the bodies of the poor citizens of the Imperial Kôr. These bodies were not nearly so well preserved, and many of them had no linen covering on them, also they were buried from five hundred to one thousand in a single large vault, the corpses in many instances being thickly piled one upon another, like a heap of slain.

When we had finished inspecting the caves, we returned and had our meal, for it was now past four in the afternoon, and we needed some food and rest, especially Leo. At six o'clock we all, including Job, waited on Ayesha, who set to work to terrify our poor servant still further by showing him pictures on the pool of water in the font-like vessel. She learnt from me that he was one of seventeen children, and then bid him think of all his brothers and sisters, or as many of them as he could, gathered together in his father's cottage. Then she told him to look in the water, and there, reflected from its stilly surface, was that dead scene of many years gone by, as it was recalled to our poor servant's brain. Some of the faces were clear enough, but some were mere blurs and splotches, or with one feature grossly exaggerated; the fact being that, in these instances, Job had been unable to recall the exact appearances of the individuals, or remembered them only by a peculiarity of his tribe, and the water could only reflect what he saw with his mind's eye. For it must be remembered that *She's* power in this matter was strictly limited; she could apparently, except in very rare instances, only photograph upon the water what was actually in the mind of some one present, and then only by his will. But if she was personally acquainted with a locality, she could, as in the case of ourselves and the whale-boat, throw its reflection upon the water, and also the reflection of anything extraneous that was passing there at the time. This power, however, did not extend to the minds of others. For instance, she could show me the interior of my college chapel as I remembered it, but not as it was at the moment of reflection; for where other people were concerned, her art was strictly limited to the facts or memories present to *their* consciousness at the moment. So much was this so that when we tried, for her amusement, to show her pictures of noted buildings, such as St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament, the result was most imperfect; for, of course, though we had a good general idea of their appearance, we could not recall all the architectural details, and therefore the minutiæ necessary to a perfect reflection were wanting. But Job could not be got to understand this, and so far from accepting a natural explanation of the matter, which was, after all, though strange enough in all conscience, nothing more than an instance of glorified and perfected telepathy, he set the whole thing down as a manifestation of the blackest magic. I shall never forget the howl of terror which he uttered when he saw the more or less perfect portraits of his long-scattered brethren staring at him from the quiet water, or the merry peal of laughter with which Ayesha greeted his consternation. As for Leo, he did not half like it either, but ran his fingers through

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

* For a long while it puzzled me to know what could have been done with the enormous quantities of rock that must have been dug out of these vast caves; but I afterward discovered that it was for the most part built into the walls and palaces of Kôr, and also used to line the reservoirs and sewers.—L. H. H.

his yellow curls, and remarked that it gave him the creeps.

After about an hour of this amusement, in the latter part of which Job did *not* participate, the mutes by signs indicated that Billali was waiting for an audience. Accordingly he was told to "crawl up," which he did as awkwardly as usual, and announced that the dance was ready to begin if *She* and the white strangers would be pleased to attend. Shortly afterward we all rose, and Ayesha having thrown a dark cloak (the same, by-the-way, that she had worn when I saw her cursing by the fire) over her white wrappings, we started. The dance was to be held in the open air, on the smooth rocky plateau in front of the great cave, and thither we made our way. About fifteen paces from the mouth of the cave we found three chairs placed, and here we sat and waited, for as yet no dancers were to be seen. The night was almost, but not quite, dark, the moon being not risen as yet, which made us wonder how we should be able to see the dancing.

"Thou wilt presently understand," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, when Leo asked her; and we certainly did. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when from every point we saw dark forms rushing up, bearing with them what we at first took to be enormous flaming torches. Whatever they were, they were burning furiously, for the flames stood out a yard or more behind each bearer. On they came, fifty or more of them, looking like devils from hell, with their flaming burdens. Leo was the first to discover what these burdens were.

"Great Heaven!" he shouted; "they are corpses on fire!"

I stared, and stared again. He was perfectly right; the torches that were to light our entertainment were human mummies from the caves!

On rushed the bearers of the flaming corpses, and meeting at a spot about twenty paces in front of us, built their ghastly burdens crossways into a huge bonfire. Heavens! how they roared and flared! No tar barrel could have burnt as those mummies did. Nor was this all. Suddenly I saw one great fellow seize a flaming human arm that had fallen from its parent frame, and rush off into the darkness. Presently he stopped, and a tall streak of fire shot up into the air, illumining the gloom, and also the lamp from which it sprung. The lamp was the mummy of a woman tied to a stout stake let into the rock, and he had fired her hair. On he went a few paces, and touched a second, then a third and a fourth, till at last we were surrounded on all three sides by a great ring of bodies flaring furiously, the material with which they were preserved having rendered them so inflammable that the flames would literally spout out of the ears and mouth in tongues of fire a foot or more long.

Nero illuminated his gardens with live Christians soaked in tar, and we were now treated to a similar spectacle, probably for the first time since his day, only happily our lamps were not living ones.

But although this element of horror was fortunately wanting, to describe the awful and hideous grandeur of the spectacle thus presented to us is, I feel, so absolutely beyond my poor powers that I scarcely dare attempt it. To begin with, it appealed to the moral as well as the physical susceptibilities. There was something very terrible, and yet very fascinating, about the employment of the remote dead to illumine the orgies of the living; in itself the thing was a satire both on the living and the dead. Cæsar's dust—or is it Alexander's?—may stop a bung-hole, but the function of these dead Cæsars of the past was to light up a savage orgy. To such base uses do we come, of so little account are we in the minds of the eager multitudes we have bred, most of whom, so far from revering our memory, will live to curse us for begetting them into such a world of woe.

Then there was the physical side of the spectacle, and a weird and splendid one it was. These old citizens of Kôr burnt as, to judge from their inscriptions, they had lived—very fast, and with the utmost liberality. What is more, there were plenty of them. As soon as ever a mummy had burnt down to the ankles, which it did in about twenty minutes, the feet were kicked away, and another one put in its place. The bonfire was kept going on the same generous scale, and its flames shot up with a hiss and a crackle twenty or thirty feet into the air, throwing great flashes of light far out into the gloom, through which the dark forms of the Amahagger flitted to and fro like devils replenishing the infernal fires. We all stood and stared aghast—shocked, and yet fascinated—at so strange a spectacle, and half expecting to see the spirits those flaming forms had once enclosed come creeping from the shadows to work vengeance on their desecrators.

"I promised thee a strange sight, my Holly," laughed Ayesha, whose nerves alone did not seem to be affected, "and, behold, I have not failed thee. Also, it hath its lesson. Trust not to the future, for who knows what the future may bring? Therefore live for the day, and endeavor not to escape the dust which seems to be man's end. What thinkest thou those long-forgotten nobles and ladies would have felt had they known that they should one day flare to light the dance or boil the pot of savages? But see, here come the dancers; a merry crew—are they not? The stage is lit—now for the play."

As she spoke, we perceived two lines of figures, one male and the other female, to the number of about a hundred, each advancing round the human bonfire, arrayed only in the usual leopard and buck skins. They formed up, in perfect silence, in two lines facing each other, between us and the fire, and then the dance—a sort of infernal and fiendish cancan—began. To describe it is quite impossible; but though there was a good deal of tossing of legs and double-shuffling, it seemed to our untutored minds to be more of a play than a dance, and, as usual with this dreadful people, whose minds seem to have taken their color from the caves in which they live, and whose jokes and amusements are drawn from the inexhaustible stores of preserved mortality with which they share their homes, the subject appeared to be a most ghastly one. I know that it represented an attempted murder first of all, and then the burial alive of the victim and his struggling from the grave, each act of the abominable drama, which was carried on in perfect silence, being rounded off and finished with a furious and most revolting dance round the supposed victim, who writhed upon the ground in the red light of the fire.

Presently, however, this pleasing piece was interrupted. Suddenly there was a slight commotion, and a great, powerful woman, whom I had noted as one of the most vigorous of the dancers, came, made mad and drunken with unholy excitement, bounding and staggering toward us, shrieking out as she came:

"I want a black goat; I must have a black goat; bring me a black goat!" and down she fell upon the rocky floor, foaming and writhing, and shrieking for a black goat—about as hideous a spectacle as can well be conceived.

Instantly most of the dancers came up, and got round her, though some still continued their capers in the background.

"She has got a Devil," sung out one of them. "Run and get a black goat. There, Devil, keep quiet—keep quiet! You shall have the goat presently. They have gone to fetch it, Devil."

"I want a black goat; I must have a black goat!" shrieked the foaming, rolling creature again.

"All right, Devil, the goat will be here presently; keep quiet, there's a good Devil!"

And so on, till the goat, taken from a neighboring kraal, did at last arrive, being dragged bleating on to the scene by its horns.

"Is it a black one?—is it a black one?" shrieked the possessed.

"Yes, yes, Devil, as black as night;" then aside, "keep it behind thee; don't let the Devil see it has got a white spot on its rump and another on its belly. In one minute, Devil. There, cut its throat, quick. Where is the saucer?"

"The goat! the goat! the goat! Give me the blood of my black goat! I must have it; don't you see I must have it? Oh! oh! oh! give me the blood of the goat."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

THE NEW LYNCHBURG.

LYNCHBURG gave a new word to our language, and was the origin of a poem that made its name familiar throughout the land. Colonel CHARLES LYNCH, a brother of the founder of the town, was an officer in the Revolution, and had a plantation on the Staunton River. At that date the country was sparsely settled, and the machinery of the law was slow and uncertain in operation. Colonel LYNCH invented that summary way of dealing with Tories and lawless characters which has since borne his name, and been very widely practised under the name of "lynch-law" upon thousands of the deserving, who never knew to whom they were indebted for the promptness of their punishment. The poem which carried the name of Lynchburg round the globe opened with the statement of the poet:

> "I's gwine down
> To Lynchburg town
> To tote my tobacker down dar,"

and it gave a well-sustained impression that the singer was going to a good market, and that any package with the name of Lynchburg on it must be choice.

Lynchburg was an easy-going place before the war, conservative and antiquated in its business methods; the war struck out of existence most of its property, and paralyzed its industrial life. For three years it was clearing away the débris of the old civilization and laying new foundations. In 1868, when it dared first to take stock of itself, it found that it had assessable real and personal property for taxation less than four millions of dollars. In the fifteen years following, this valuation was more than trebled. In this period the population doubled, and at this writing it is not far from 25,000. In 1868 the banking capital was only a little over half a million, and owing to a high rate of discount (twelve per cent. per annum) only about half of that was loaned; by 1883 it had increased sixfold, and the loans at six per cent. were two and a half millions. So active had business become that this loan was renewed four times a year, making an aggregate of bank discounts of ten millions; and in this year not a cent of the amount so loaned was lost or suspended. This is probably an unexampled record, and speaks as much for the business integrity of the city as for its thrift and enterprise. The city has now four national banks, one State, and two private banks, with ample facilities for the wants of its growing manufactures. It is to be noted of Lynchburg that its growth is due to the enterprise of its own citizens, who in a very short space of time have made the money necessary to the constant extension of its industries.

The city itself is beautifully situated on the south bank of the James, 575 feet above tide-water, and enjoys a genial and equable climate. Its mean temperature is 57°, running down to 40° in December, and rising to 75° in July, of course with days of lower and of higher, but so even that it is a good all-the-year-round residence, though there are "heated terms" in July and August, when pleasure or health makes a visit to the springs in the mountains agreeable.

The town is called the "Hill City." Viewed from the opposite side of Amherst, it is found to deserve the name; the hills are said to be the traditional "seven," but to the stranger there seem to be nearer seven hundred. The James Valley is narrow, and into it are crowded the railways and many of the factories. From this the streets run up on very steep grades. The main streets are parallel with the river, but by no means level. Over this diversified surface the town is scattered, covering a large area, and containing a vast number of small, neat houses, occupied by people of moderate means. No better evidence, indeed, of the thrift of the town is needed than the number of these small and comfortable houses. These lie on and among the hills back from the river; the river slope is crowded with great warehouses and factories, large shops and handsome buildings, public and private. Seen from Amherst, the foreground is one of great industrial enterprise, and the background of uncommon beauty, for there are the lovely peaks of Otter and the purple range of the Blue Ridge.

The hilly nature of the town is probably to its advantage in other ways than sanitary. On the steep slopes the inhabitants have to overcome nature for building room, streets have to be cut and filled, and all the energy of man is called out in adapting nature to his wants. Just now the town is in a transition state with all its improvements, and what with grading and filling and wall-building, with new dwelling-houses and bigger warehouses and city works, the pushing railways and the necessity of making every day new facilities for increasing business, the town in its centre is more active than picturesque. The water for the city is drawn from the James, sent up to the two large reservoirs on the hills by a system of vast pumps. The upper reservoir is 330 feet above the river level, and the lower one 250. Each has a capacity of about four millions of gallons, and both are magnificent specimens of masonry. Good water is abundant in all parts of the city.

It is perhaps to the steep streets that Lynchburg owes its splendid horses. Few towns certainly can show, either for pleasure-driving or for heavy work, such fine horses. Indeed, only the most spirited and most enduring could stand the work required of them. I doubt if the horses of any other town of its size can compare with these; and they only faintly represent the energy and vim of the town.

What impresses the stranger fully as much as the beauty of the situation is the activity in the streets and the general bustle of the town. The streets are crowded with loaded teams and thronged with life. If one wants to see what the New South is, let him get into the business whirl of this place. Everybody is at work, white and colored. There is no idle class. It is the boast of the place that dudes are unknown. Whatever opinions prevailed formerly about labor, it is now the stamp of respectability as it is of success. The new industries have opened avenues for everybody, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every man, woman, girl, and boy in town is employed. Some of the lighter forms of industry, such as cigarette-making, give very profitable employment to girls who never before had work, and as a consequence nobody is idle, and if one may judge by appearances, they are happy in their new industry. The industry of the colored people is in marked contrast to their conduct in some other inland places in the State. They are all at work or at school, and are acquiring homes and habits of industry and self-support. The white population is, I believe, a little in excess of the colored, and both races, being bent on enterprise and improvement, work harmoniously together, and with good feeling. It is true that the negroes who are beginning to earn money have much yet to learn in the way of thrift, and that most of them are improvident, spending their earnings as soon as they get them; but they are improving.

The railway facilities of the place are excellent, and the freight tariffs favorable. Trains run on the Virginia Midland north to Washington and south to North Carolina; east by the Richmond and Alleghany to Richmond, and west to the coal-fields of West Virginia; southeast by the Norfolk and Western to Norfolk, and southwest to Tennessee and Georgia. What is called the Richmond and Danville Railroad system, controlling 2500 miles of road, is largely contributory to the prosperity of Lynchburg.

The chief industry of Lynchburg is still the handling, the shipping, and the manufacture of tobacco, but still the hopeful sign for its growth is in its diversified industries, and in many of them it is successfully competing in Southern and Western markets with the old establishments in the East. In this brief paper it is not possible to more than allude to these, and as we are attempting to note only the signs of new life, and not to describe in detail, we cannot specify names or make room for figures. There are flouring mills, one of them turning out between 300 and 400 barrels a day; a nail factory; a large establishment for making sashes and blinds; a furniture factory; an ice factory; a blast-furnace. One of the big pumping engines, which throws water 350 feet up to the new reservoir, was made here. There is a large bark and dye-stuff mill, an extensive and well-ordered blank-book and printing establishment—a distinctive home industry (Messrs. J. P. BELL & Co.), which is grasping the trade of this part of the country in its line—and there are very large jobbing establishments in drugs, clothing, and fancy goods, besides retail stores in size and variety of stock that would be notable in any Northern town. And all these are specially notable here because they are purely indigenous.

Some figures will give an idea of the tobacco industry. There are twenty-two manufactories of plug tobacco, and nine of smoking; five cigar, two cigarette, and one snuff factory; twenty-nine dealers in leaf tobacco for domestic account, and fifteen for export; there are eleven tobacco commission merchants, and five vast public warehouses with capital and capacity for handling fifty million pounds annually. The internal revenue collections on tobacco average half a million dollars yearly, and over half a million dollars are paid to factory hands each year. Although it has been said that the tobacco business is not at this moment as lively as it was, yet the increase has been very large. The average annual sales for fifteen years, from 1870 to 1884, amounted to 20,657,162 pounds. The total sales for 1886 were 49,332,050—an increase of 29 per cent. over the sales of 1885. The increase in 1886 over average sales for fifteen years (from 1870 to 1884 inclusive) was 145 per cent.

To those not familiar with the handling of tobacco the amount of labor needed in sorting, curing, and preparing the leaf for export or for manufacturing processes is a surprise. The tobacco is first brought in, in hogsheads, to the great warehouses. The buyers every day go the rounds of these warehouses to attend the "breaks." Some of the tobacco is brought in loose and piled up on the floor. These lots are auctioned off. All the tobacco is inspected. The ceremony of "breaking" a hogshead and extracting samples, on which it is sold, is a picturesque one. We have no space here to describe the various processes, and it must suffice to say that after the tobacco is inspected and goes to the dealers it is all handled leaf by leaf, and sorted as to quality and color. This is all preliminary to the manufacture. One of the larger dealers, whose warehouse we visited (Messrs. HOLT, SCHAEFER, & Co.), ships yearly about 6,600,000 pounds of tobacco. I believe that Lynchburg is still the largest dealer in loose tobacco in the country. There is a Tobacco Association, of which Mr. JOHN T. EDWARDS is president, which has in general charge this whole industry.

One of the most interesting sights to the stranger is the great factories where the tobacco is manufactured into "plug" and cigarettes. The system, the labor-saving machinery, the skill in manipulation, the despatch with which everything is done, are very satisfactory. In the cigarette factories of SMYTH, WOODSON, & PAYNE and the Lone Jack cigarette factory are employed hundreds of girls in remunerative labor. At SMYTH'S is a machine singularly ingenious, which takes in at one end the cut tobacco and the paper, and drops out the finished cigarette at the other end almost as fast as one can count. Too much praise cannot be given for the care which is extended to the female operatives at these factories, and for the opportunity thus given for an honest livelihood. Both races work in the same building, but in separate departments, often singing at their work, and one is impressed with their neatness and cheerfulness. The interesting details of the work in any one of these great establishments would require a column or two by themselves.

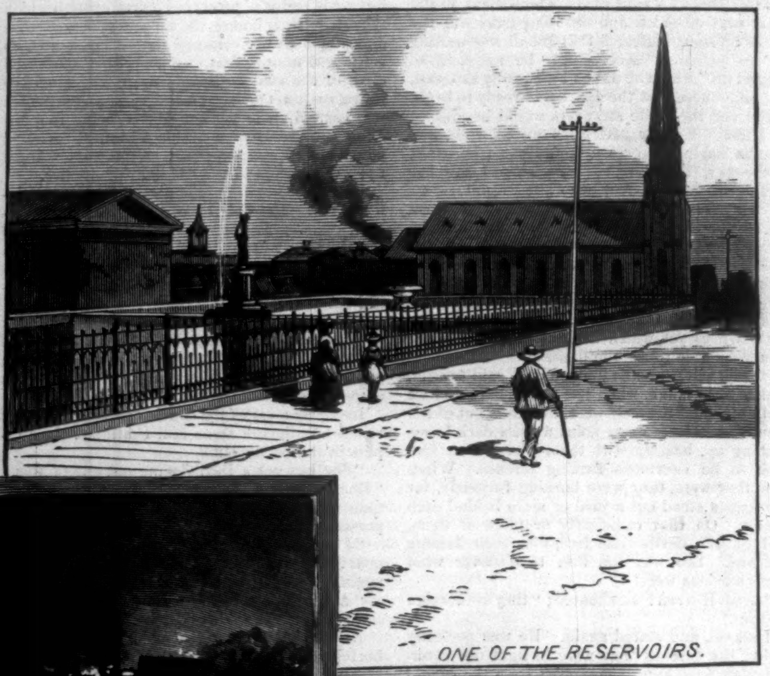
But the enterprise of Lynchburg shows itself in many other ways. There are many large and some handsome churches, twenty-four in all—six Presbyterian, six Methodist, five Episcopalian, four Baptist, one called the Methodist Protestant, and one Jewish synagogue. There is an opera-house, and a fine court-house, which occupies a commanding position, and shows well (with the fountain below it) from the river. There is an admirably organized steam fire department, with all the latest electric inventions. The town is lighted by the electric light. There is a jail which is picturesque, and very far from being a model of what a jail should be; and there is a complete system of graded schools; these schools contemplate a period of ten years' study—four years in the primary department, three years in the grammar, and three in the high school. The races are in separate schools, there being three district school-houses for whites and four for blacks. In the white schools are 1350 pupils, and in the colored, 1300; the high-school for whites has 125, and the colored high-school only 17, but the number in the latter is increasing. In the high-school, pupils are carried well on, and fitted for college. There are the same courses for both colors, but the blacks are only just beginning to wake up to the higher education. There are 28 teachers in the white schools, and 23 in the colored schools, and 18 of the latter teachers are colored. The reports show a growing appreciation on the part of the whole population of the value of a thorough education.

Outside the town, in a noble park, commanding a splendid mountain view, is an orphan asylum for female children, exceedingly well conducted, where girls may stay till they are eighteen, and where they are taught the domestic industries, and receive a fair English education. It is the gift, with a liberal endowment, of Mr. SAMUEL MILLER, a very remarkable man, of Lynchburg, who was born in the latter part of the last century, and worked his way to wealth from poverty. This is only one of several large public benefactions of this liberal and public-spirited citizen. Mr. JOHN H. FLOOD, the president, well calls him, for his self-denying life and his noble charities, one of the most remarkable men ever born in Virginia. A Young Men's Christian Association was opened and dedicated, with an address by the Mayor, Mr. NATHANIEL MANSON, the day we were there. It is a fine, convenient building, with one of the best auditoriums for public lectures in the country of its size. I believe that both sexes share the benefits of this institution. Mayor MANSON is an example of Young Virginia, a graduate of the grammar-school of his native town and of the University of Virginia, a lawyer, and now at the age of twenty-eight serving his second term as Mayor.

This is a mere glance at Lynchburg, and scarcely at all a sketch of its business enterprise. As Mr. CHARLES M. BLACKFORD, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, said in a recent address, it is on its own citizens that Lynchburg relies, on their capital and their energy. The town certainly has its face set toward a fine future, in which its present prosperity will not only increase, but all the finer results of wealth will be developed. Its people are as hospitable as they are energetic, and there is in all its business and its social enterprise an excellent tone. It has many rivals, but it is in the van of the New South.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

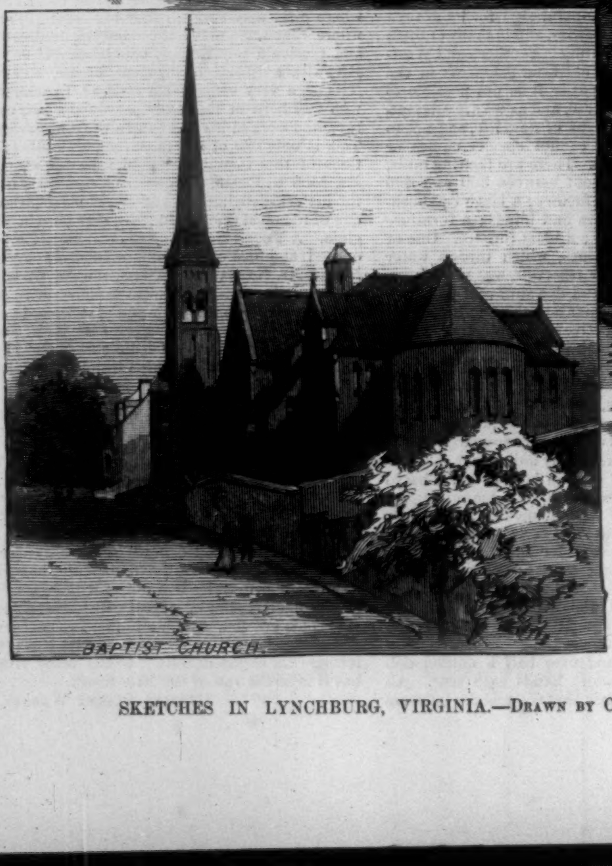
ENTRANCE TO TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.



ONE OF THE RESERVOIRS.

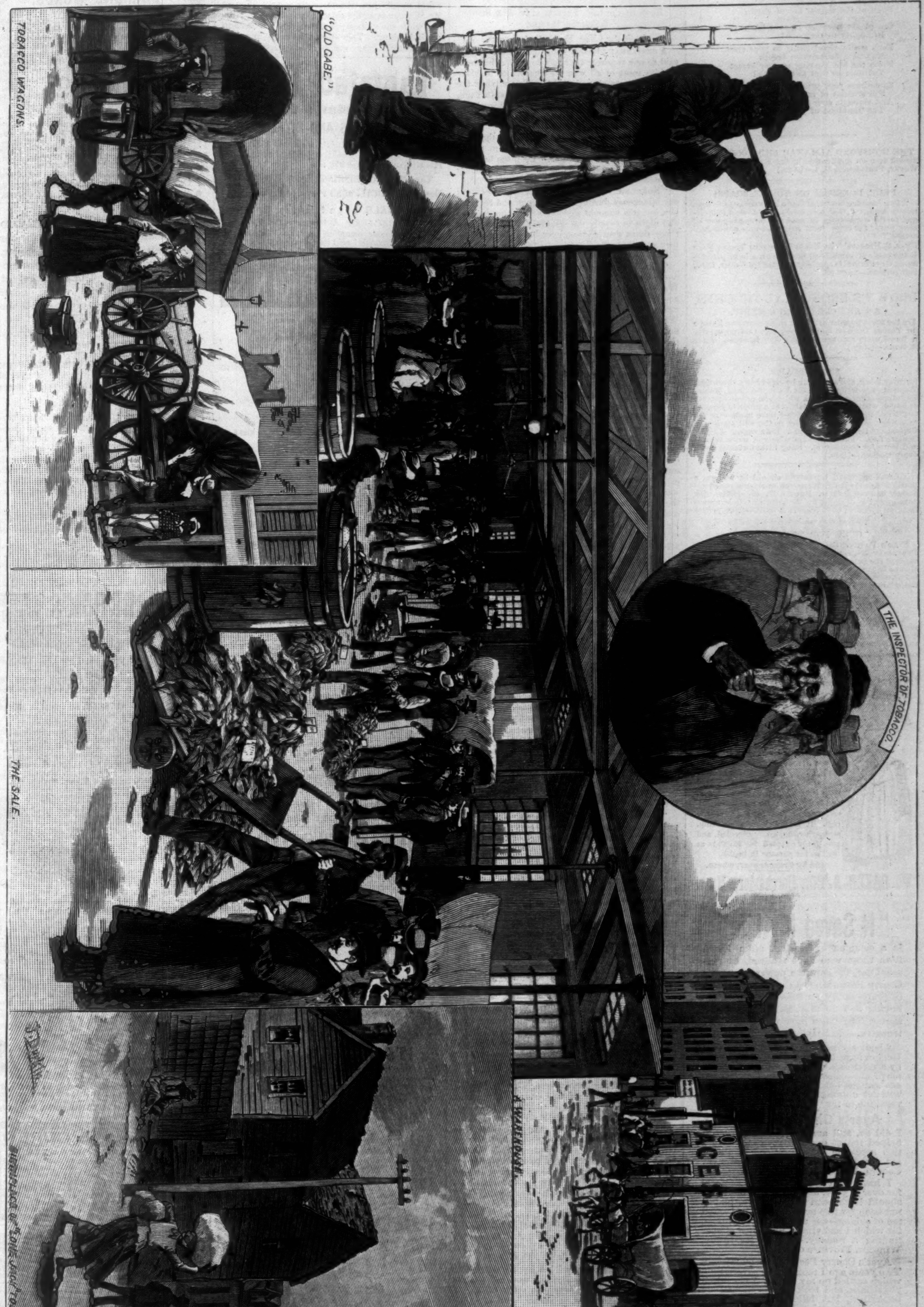
ON THE JAMES RIVER.

A PICTURESQUE BIT OF LYNCHBURG.



BAPTIST CHURCH.

SKETCHES IN LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," by Charles Dudley Warner, Page 791.]



A TOBACCO "BREAK" AT LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Article "The Industrial South," by Charles Dudley Warner, Page 791.]

TO VESUVIUS.

Born of the central fire of Earth,
 For ages you have stood.
Our planet trembled at your birth
 In mighty motherhood!

Each smoke-cloud rising to your crest
 May be a deep-drawn breath
From the low heaving of your breast
 Yearning to deal swift death!

Sometimes your prisoned passion grows
 Till streams of lava start,
And through your fiery mouth outflows
 The life-blood of your heart!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."*

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

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AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT,

Are the most popular article in this country or Europe for *Throat Diseases and Coughs*, and this popularity is based upon real merit. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

$1000 REWARD

for your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, whatever your locality, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallet & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes await every worker.—[*Adv.*]

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

HOW TO CONTROL EFFECTUALLY ALL SUCH HORRIBLE HABITS.

Rochester (New York) Post-Express.

A GENTLEMAN who has spent the summer abroad said to our reporter that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad, and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said, "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August, and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the *universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations.* We have been nearly ten years before the public, and the sales are *constantly increasing,* while our newspaper advertising is *constantly diminishing.* Why, high scientific and medical authorities now publicly concede that our Warner's Safe Cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases, and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance. Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc., habits, told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up. Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hull, M.D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and President of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's Safe Cure."

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine, and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains, and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs—a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well, does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of Safe Cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood, and become depraved and diseased.

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants, it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine, and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe, then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do. When you see a person moping and grovelling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble.

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eyesight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's Safe Cure is what they need more than a pair of eye-glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the *eyes;* with others the *head;* with others the *stomach* or the *lungs,* or *rheumatic* disorder follows, and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers* of *taste, smell,* or become *impotent in other functions* of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but *symptoms;* they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye, or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood, and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious, and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For, as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

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150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

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SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

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GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

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WHOOPING-COUGH CURED

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We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough,** for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.

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★ DIAMOND WORDS. ★

"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart, and it affords me pleasure to tell of one of them." The speaker was Ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick, and feared that I had become fated to endure the tortures of dyspepsia and a dangerous affection of the Kidneys. A relative said to me: 'Why don't you try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?' I did so. I grew steadily better, could eat, digest, sleep, work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin had given place to the tones

That Announce Pure Blood,

and every organ of the body in healthy action. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. If any one seeing this has a doubt about the truth of my statements, let him write to me. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that Favorite Remedy, made and sold by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has been to them a help and a blessing in time of need."

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND has been so kind as to sit for her Portrait to Mr. Joseph Keppler, and a large lithographic reproduction (from Ten Color-Plates) of Mr. J. Keppler's water-color painting will be given with the CHRISTMAS PUCK.

This is the Only Portrait of Mrs. Cleveland that is drawn from life.

The CHRISTMAS PUCK (Just out!) is a special publication of 32 large pages.

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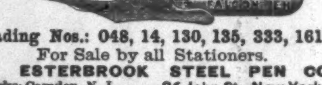

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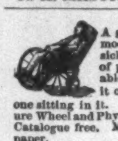
MASON YOUNG, President, 35 Wall St., N. Y.

R. H. MASON, Sec'y and Treas., Seville, Fla.

The Favorite.



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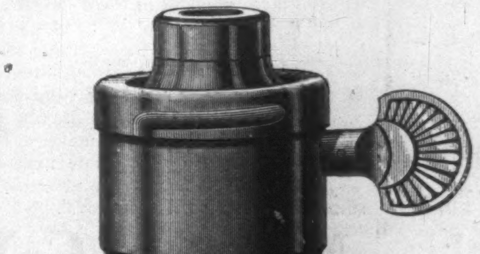

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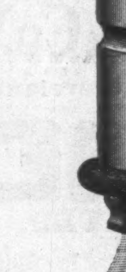

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